

From the Quarterly Review.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

THE reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was, while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the house. His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with a rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires; and his critical Essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantries and sarcasm to flavor, and in some degree disguise, a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism. It may seem too epigrammatic, but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true, to say that his history seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English history as fabulous as his *Lays* do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion, is not to be doubted: nor can any one during the first reading escape the *entraînement* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execution; but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. We have been so long the opponents of the political party to which Mr. Macaulay belongs that we welcomed the prospect of again meeting him on the neutral ground of literature. We are of that class of Tories—Protestant Tories, as they were called—that have no sympathy with the Jacobites. We are as strongly convinced as Mr. Macaulay can be of the necessity of the Revolution of 1688—of the general prudence and expediency of the steps taken by our whig and tory ancestors of the Convention Parliament, and of the happiness, for a century and a half, of the constitutional results. We were, therefore, not without hope that at least in these two volumes, almost entirely occupied with the progress and accomplishment of that revolution, we might, without any sacrifice of our political feelings, enjoy unalloyed the pleasures reasonably to be expected from Mr. Macaulay's high powers both of research and illustration. That hope

has been deceived; Mr. Macaulay's historical narrative is poisoned with a rancor more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color; and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith.

These are grave charges; but we make them in sincerity, and we think that we shall be able to prove them; and if, here or hereafter, we should seem to our readers to use harsher terms than good taste might approve, we beg in excuse to plead that it is impossible to fix one's attention on, and to transcribe large portions of a work, without being in some degree affected with its spirit; and Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognize the shibboleth of toryism. We shall endeavor, however, in the expression of our opinions, to remember the respect we owe to our readers and to Mr. Macaulay's general character and standing in the world of letters, rather than the provocations and example of the volumes immediately before us.

Mr. Macaulay announces his intention of bringing down the history of England almost to our own times; but these two volumes are complete in themselves, and we may fairly consider them as a history of the Revolution; and in that light the first question that presents itself to us is why Mr. Macaulay has been induced to re-write what had already been so often and even so recently written—among others, by Dalrymple, a strenuous but honest whig, and by Mr. Macaulay's own oracles, Fox and Mackintosh! It may be answered that both Fox and Mackintosh left their works imperfect. Fox got no further than Monmouth's death; but Mackintosh came down to the Orange invasion, and covered full nine tenths of the period as yet occupied by Mr. Macaulay. Why then did Mr. Macaulay not content himself with beginning where Mackintosh left off—that is, with the Revolution? and it would have been the more natural, because, as our readers know, it is there that Hume's history terminates.

What reason does he give for this work of supererogation? None. He does not (as we shall see more fully by and by) take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. Has he produced a new fact? Not one.

Has he discovered any new materials? None, as far as we can judge, but the collections of Fox and Mackintosh, confided to him by their families.* It seems to us a novelty in literary practice that a writer raised far by fame and fortune above the vulgar temptations of the craft should undertake to tell a story already frequently and recently told by masters of the highest authority and most extensive information, without having, or even professing to have, any additional means or special motive to account for the attempt.

We suspect, however, that we can trace Mr. Macaulay's design to its true source—the example and success of the author of *Waverley*. The historical novel, if not invented, at least first developed and illustrated by the happy genius of Scott, took a sudden and extensive hold of the public taste; he himself, in most of his subsequent novels, availed himself largely of the historical element which had contributed so much to the popularity of *Waverley*. The press has since that time groaned with his imitators. We have had historical novels of all classes and grades. We have had served up in this form the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses, the Gunpowder Plot and the Fire of London, Darnley and Richelieu—and almost at the same moment with Mr. Macaulay's appeared a professed romance of Mr. Ainsworth's on the same subject—James II. Nay, on a novelist of this popular order has been conferred the office of *Historiographer* to the Queen.

Mr. Macaulay, too mature not to have well measured his own peculiar capacities, not rich in invention but ingenious in application, saw the use that might be made of this principle, and that history itself would be much more popular with a large embroidery of personal, social, and even topographical anecdote and illustration, instead of the sober garb in which we had been in the habit of seeing it. Few histories indeed ever were or could be written without some admixture of this sort. The father of the art himself, old Herodotus, vivified his text with a greater share of what we may call personal anecdote than any of his classical followers. Modern historians, as they happened to have more or less of what we may call *artistic* feeling, admitted more or less of this decoration into their text, but always with an eye (which Mr. Macaulay never exercises) to the appropriateness and value of the illustration. Generally, however, such matters have been thrown into notes, or, in a few instances—as by Dr. Henry and in Mr. Knight's interesting and instructive "*Pictorial History*"—into separate chapters. The

large class of memoir-writers may also be fairly considered as anecdotal historians—and they are in fact the sources from which the novelists of the new school extract their principal characters and main incidents.

Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavor to give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. For this purpose he would not be very solicitous about contributing any substantial addition to history, strictly so called; on the contrary, indeed, he seems to have willingly taken it as he found it, adding to it such lace and trimmings as he could collect from the Monmouth-street of literature, seldom it may be safely presumed of very delicate quality. It is, as Johnson drolly said, "an old coat with a new facing—the old dog in a new doublet." The conception was bold, and—so far as availing himself, like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect—the experiment has been eminently successful.

But besides the obvious incentives just noticed, Mr. Macaulay had also the stimulus of what we may compendiously call a strong party spirit. One would have thought that the whigs might have been satisfied with their share in the historical library of the Revolution:—besides Rapin, Echard, and Jones, who, though of moderate politics in general, were stout friends to the revolution, they have had of professed and zealous whigs, Burnet, the foundation of all, Kennett, Oldmixon, Dalrymple, Laing, Brodie, Fox, and finally Mackintosh and his continuator, besides innumerable writers of less note, who naturally adopted the successful side; and we should not have supposed that the reader of any of those historians, and particularly the later ones, could complain that they had been too sparing of imputation, or even vituperation, to the opposite party. But not so Mr. Macaulay. The most distinctive feature on the face of his pages is personal virulence—if he has at all succeeded in throwing an air of fresh life into his characters, it is mainly due, as any impartial and collected reader will soon discover, to the simple circumstance of his hating the individuals of the opposite party as bitterly, as passionately, as if they were his own personal enemies—more so, indeed, we hope than he would a mere political antagonist of his own day. When some one suggested to the angry O'Neil that one of the Anglo-Irish families whom he was reviling as strangers had been four hundred years settled in Ireland, the Milesian replied, "*I hate the churls as if they had come but yesterday.*" Mr. Macaulay seems largely endowed with this (as with a more enviable) species of memory, and he hates, for example, King Charles I. as if he had been murdered only yesterday. Let us not be understood as wishing to abridge an historian's full liberty of censure—but he should not

* It appears from two notes of acknowledgments to M. Guizot and the keepers of the archives at the Hague, that Mr. Macaulay obtained some additions to the copies which Mackintosh already had of the letters of Ronquillo the Spanish and Citters the Dutch minister at the court of James. We may conjecture that these additions were insignificant, since Mr. Macaulay has nowhere, that we have observed, specially noticed them; but except these, whatever they may be, we find no trace of anything that Fox and Mackintosh had not already examined and classed.

be a satirist, still less a libeller. We do not say nor think that Mr. Macaulay's censures were always unmerited—far from it—but they are always, we think without exception, immoderate. Nay, it would scarcely be too much to say that this massacre of character is the point on which Mr. Macaulay must chiefly rest any claims he can advance to the praise of impartiality, for while he paints everything that looks like a tory in the blackest colors, he does not altogether spare any of the whigs against whom he takes a spite, though he always visits them with a gentler correction. In fact, except Oliver Cromwell, King William, a few gentlemen who had the misfortune to be executed or exiled for high treason, and every dissenting minister that he has or can find occasion to notice, there are hardly any persons mentioned who are not stigmatized as knaves or fools, differing only in degrees of "turpitude" and "imbecility." Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers' playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. This is also an imitation of the historical novel, though rather in the track of Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard than of Waverley or Woodstock; but what would you have? To attain the picturesque—the chief object of our artist—he adopts the ready process of dark colors and a rough brush. Nature, even at the worst, is never gloomy enough for a Spagnoletto, and Judge Jeffries himself, for the first time, excites a kind of pity when we find him (like one to whom he was nearly akin) not so black as he is painted.

From this first general view of Mr. Macaulay's historical novel we now proceed to exhibit in detail some grounds for the opinion which we have ventured to express.

We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is in fact little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with Mr. Macaulay. It would, we know, have a grander air if we were to make his book the occasion of disquisitions on the rise and progress of the constitution—on the causes by which the monarchy of the Tudors passed, through the murder of Charles, to the despotism of Cromwell—how again that produced a restoration which settled none of the great moral or political questions which had generated all those agitations, and which, in return, those agitations had complicated and inflamed—and how, at last, the undefined, discordant, and antagonistic pretensions of the royal and democratical elements were reconciled by the Revolution and the Bill of Rights—and, finally, whether with too much or too little violence to the principles of the ancient constitution—all these topics, we say, would, if we

were so inclined, supply us, as they have supplied Mr. Macaulay, with abundant opportunities of grave tautology and commonplace; but we decline to raise sham debates on points where there is no contest. We can have little historic difference, properly so called, with one who has no historical difference on the main facts with anybody else: instead, then, of pretending to treat any great questions, either of constitutional learning or political philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler but more practical and more useful task above stated.

Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect—the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. This, though it may be very convenient to the writer, and quite indifferent to the reader, of an historical romance, is perplexing to any one who might wish to read and weigh the book as a serious history, of which dates are the guides and landmarks; and when they are visibly neglected we cannot but suspect that the historian will be found not very solicitous about strict accuracy. This negligence is carried to such an extent that, in what looks like a very copious table of contents, one of the most important events of the whole history—that, indeed, on which the Revolution finally turned—the marriage of Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange, is not noticed; nor is any date affixed to the very cursory mention of it in the text. It is rather hard to force the reader who buys this last new model history, in general so profuse of details, to recur to one of the old-fashioned ones to discover that this important event happened in the year 1675, and on the 4th of November—a day thrice over remarkable in William's history—for his birth, his marriage, and his arrival with his invading army on the coast of Devon.

Our second complaint is of one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent defects of Mr. Macaulay's book—his style—not merely the choice and order of words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. We need not repeat that Mr. Macaulay has a great facility of language, a prodigal *copia verborum*—that he narrates rapidly and clearly—that he paints very forcibly—and that his readers throughout the tale are carried on, or away, by something of the sorcery which a brilliant orator exercises over his auditory. But he has also in a great degree the faults of the oratorical style. He deals much too largely in epithets—a habit exceedingly dangerous to historical truth. He habitually constructs a piece of what should be calm, dispassionate narrative, upon the model of the most passionate peroration—adhering in numberless instances to precisely the same specific formula of artifice. His diction is often inflated into fustian, and he indulges in exaggeration till it sometimes, unconsciously no doubt, amounts to falsehood. It is a common fault of those who strive at producing

oratorical effects, to oscillate between commonplace and extravagance; and while studying Mr. Macaulay, one feels as if vibrating between facts that every one knows and consequences which nobody can believe. We are satisfied that whoever will take, as we have been obliged to do, the pains of sifting what Mr. Macaulay has produced from his own mind with what he has borrowed from others, will be entirely of our opinion. In truth, when, after reading a page or two of this book, we have occasion to turn to the same transaction in Burnet, Dalrymple, or Hume, we feel as if we were exchanging the glittering agility of a rope-dancer for gentlemen in the attire and attitude of society. And we must say that there is not one of those writers that does not give a clearer and more trustworthy account of all that is really historical in the period than can be collected from Mr. Macaulay's more decorated pages. We invite our readers to try Mr. Macaulay's merits as an historian by the test of comparison with his predecessors.

The very first line of his narrative is an example of that kind of pompous commonplace that looks like something and is nothing:—

Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain.—i. 4.

This is in an exordium that would have fitted the history of any nation whatever. It might indeed be more truly said that nothing in the early existence of Rome—nothing in the early existence of France—indicated the greatness which they were destined to attain. The Britons had at least a separate and independent geographical position, which neither the cradle of Rome nor that of France enjoyed, and a position so remarkable, *toto orbe divisos*, as even to be the theme of poetry before France had the rudiments of national existence.

In the following passage we hardly know which to wonder most at—its pomp or its utter futility:—

From this communion [with the lingering civilization of the Eastern Empire] Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple.—i. 5.

This is a mistake of Mr. Macaulay's, exaggerating a mistake of Procopius. Procopius says no such thing of *Britain*; he mentions *Britannia*—an island, Mr. Macaulay might have remembered, already known to the world not merely as the place “in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the Imperial purple”—but by the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus. But Procopius adds that there is reported to be in the same neighborhood another island, called *Brittia*, of which he relates those wonders. It is clear that there was no such other island, unless, indeed, Ireland was meant, and there are legends—St. Patrick, the reptiles, the purgatory, and the ferrymen of Lough Derg, &c.—which are not far short of the wonders of *Brittia*, for he speaks of both in the same page as different islands; but it is not true that Procopius himself, whatever his informants might do, could have mistaken this marvellous region for *Britain*. But even if Procopius had spoken of Britain, we should still wonder that the author of the “*Lays of Ancient Rome*” did not recollect that Virgil had told nearly the same story of the *Avernian* region:—

Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis seee halitus atris
Faucibus effundens * * *
Portitor has horrendas aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon.

And Cicero notices that such superstitions still lingered in that neighborhood—in *vicinia nostra* (1 *Tusc.*, 10.) Does that prove that the country between Rome and Naples was, in the days of Cicero and Virgil, utterly unknown and barbarous? We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could possibly relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries—and introduce it to prove nothing, as far as we can see—but what, we own, it does prove—that “able historians” may tell very foolish stories, and that an over anxiety to show one's learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.

Sometimes Mr. Macaulay strains after verbal effect, and in his effort loses the point.

Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted *Plantagenet*.—i. 4.

This is an unlucky occasion to introduce the name of Plantagenet, which assuredly no Arabian ear had ever heard nor tongue pronounced. How much more really striking is the simplicity of Joinville—“Quant les petiz enfans des Turcs et Sarrazins crioient, leurs meres leurs disoient Tays-toy—Tays-toy; ou j'yray querir le Roi Richard. Et de pæurs qu'ilz avoient se taysoient.” And then, forsooth, after five centuries, trundles up Mr. Macaulay, puffing and blowing with his *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.

When he complains that *English historians* are too partial to our Norman kings, it is in this style:—

This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a *Haytian negro* of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriot regret and shame.—i. 14.

If a regiment of militia marches into Bridport, it must "*come pouring in*" (i. 576.) If many witnesses appeared on the Popish Plot, they come "*pouring forth*" (i. 237.) When the Dutch sail up the Medway, the prose Lay is careful to note—

Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had with a manly spirit *hurled foul scorn* at Parma and Spain.

Mr. Macaulay found the words *foul scorn* in Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury, but has totally mistaken their meaning, and turned them into nonsense. If the queen had used scorn in the sense of *defiance*, she might perhaps have said *proud scorn*; but she spoke of *foul scorn* in the sense of disgrace or insult.

"I know," said she, "I have the body of a weak woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and *think it foul scorn* that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than that any *dishonor* should grow, I myself will take up arms," &c.—*Cabala*, p. 373.

That is, she hurled defiance because she would not endure foul scorn.

If Mr. Macaulay is often too grandiloquent, he sometimes seeks effect in a studied meanness of expression.

The chaplain in squires' houses, *temp.* Ch. II., was, Mr. Macaulay says, denied the delicacies of the table, but he

might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots.—i. 328.

Burnet was one day very anxious to see the Prince of Orange, for a very important communication from the princess—no less, indeed, than her intention that, when she should succeed to the throne, William should be king *regnant*, not king *consort*; but the doctor was obliged to postpone it because the prince, he says, "*was that day hunting*." This Mr. Macaulay renders—

William was many miles *off after a stag*.—ii. 181.

There was probably no *stag-hunt* at all—William may have been shooting; but this low phrase seems introduced to suggest that William was no party, and even quite indifferent, to Burnet's negotiation. No—while that momentous question was in debate between his wife and his chaplain, "*he was off after a stag*."

Monmouth's army is said, in the style of Percy's Reliques, to have been "*in evil case*" (i. 601;) certain Popish priests "*spell like washerwomen*" (ii. 111;) and the charge of royal cavalry that finally routed the rebels is thus enlivened from one of Mr. Macaulay's own ballads.

The Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston Zoyland.—i. 609.

The ballad had sung,

The fiery Duke came *pricking fast*.

And again; on the acquittal of the bishops, the history says—

The boats that covered the *Thames* gave an *answering cheer*.—ii. 386.

The ballad on the defeat of the Armada sings—

And all the thousand masts of *Thames*
Gave back an *answering cheer*.

In the last scene of Monmouth—

The hangman *addressed himself to his office*.—i. 628.

And after all it was not a *hangman*, but a *headsman*; and a wretched one too. Surely, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "this is affectations;" and, in truth, *affectation*, whether high or low, is one of the most prominent features in Mr. Macaulay's style, which, often vivid, often forcible, often exquisitely pregnant with allusion and suggestion, is hardly ever natural through a page together.

As a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's vituperative style, in which, as we have said, he excels we think any writer in our language, we select first the case of Judge Jeffries, both because it is the one which it is hardest to exaggerate, and because Mr. Macaulay begins his notice of this judicial tyrant by a special profession of dealing with him as a "*dispassionate historian*."—(i. 449.)

We are far from questioning the abstract justice of the epithets bestowed on Jeffries, nor should we have professed to treat of such a monster dispassionately—for we confess we never refer to one of the trials at which he presided, without fresh indignation and horror—but we complain, as a matter of taste and style, of the violence and pertinacity with which they are repeated, quite as often out of season as in; until at last Jeffries himself begins to appear as dispassionate as the historian.

In the same paragraph in which we read this claim of being dispassionate we find, as applied to Jeffries, the terms—*wicked—insolent—angry—audacity—depravity—infamy*; and on the very next page, *consummate bully—impudence and ferocity—yell of fury—odious—terrible—savage—fiendish*. These are some—and some only—of the flowers of rhetoric culled from two half pages of a dispassionate history, and of which a still more odorous assortment may be found scattered with equal liberality through the rest of the volumes. These specimens will, however, satisfy any reader, however strong may be his antipathy to Jeffries' memory; and he will, we think, be inclined to smile at hearing that Mr. Macaulay takes this special occasion of directing our indignation against another of Jeffries' enormities, namely—

The profusion of maledictions and *vituperative epithets* which composed his vocabulary could hardly

be rivalled in the *Fish Market* or the *Bear Garden*.—i. 450.

If this vocabulary of the Fish-market or Bear-garden (Mr. Macaulay must excuse our use of his own terms) were applied only to such delinquents as Jeffries, we should have allowed for his indignation, though we might not approve his taste; but he is really a *Draco*, who visits with equal severity all degrees of offence. Of Chief-Justice Wright he says—

Proverbial ignorance was not the worst fault; his *vices* ruined him. He had resorted to *infamous* ways of raising money. *Poor, dissolute and shameless*, he had become a parasite of Jeffries.—ii. 276.

For Sir William Williams, an eminent whig lawyer, who became solicitor-general under James, he has the epithets of *odious—disgraceful—hated—despised—unblushing—abhorred—apostate*, and, as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet—

How men can live under such infamy it is not easy to understand; but even such infamy was not enough for Williams.—ii. 627.

Again—

The *infamous* Timothy Hall, who had distinguished himself by reading the declaration, [for liberty of conscience,] was rewarded with the Bishopric of Oxford, vacant by the death of the not less *infamous* Parker.—ii. 423.

Every great painter is supposed to make a larger use of one particular color. What a monstrous bladderful of *infamy* Mr. Macaulay must have squeezed on his palette when he took to portrait-painting! We have no concern, except as friends to historical justice, for the characters of any of the parties thus stigmatized, nor have we room or time to discuss these, or the hundred other somewhat similar cases which the volumes present; but we have looked at the authorities cited by Mr. Macaulay, and we do not hesitate to say that, "as is his wont," he has, with the exception of Jeffries, outrageously exaggerated them.

We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities—no trivial points in the execution of a historical work—though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. In his chapter on manners, which we may call the most remarkable in his book, one of his most frequent references is to "*Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.*" It is referred to at least a dozen or fourteen times in that chapter alone; but we really have some doubt whether Mr. Macaulay knew the nature of the book he so frequently quoted. *Chamberlayne's* work, of which the real title is "*Angliæ* [or, after the Scotch Union, *Magnæ Britannię*] *Notitia, or the Present State of England*" [or *Great Britain*,] was a kind of periodical publication, half history and half court calendar. It was first published in 1669, and new editions or reprints, with new dates, were issued, not annually we believe, but so frequently that

there are between thirty and forty of them in the Museum, ending with 1755. From the way and for the purposes for which Mr. Macaulay quotes *Chamberlayne*, we should almost suspect that he had lighted on the volume for 1684, and knowing of no other, considered it as a substantive work published in that year. Once indeed he cites the date of 1686, but there was, it seems, no edition of that year, and this may be an accidental error; but however that may be, our readers will smile when they hear that the two first and several following passages which Mr. Macaulay cites from *Chamberlayne* (i. 290 and 291,) as *characteristic* of the days of *Charles II.*, distinctively from more modern times, are to be found *literatim* in every succeeding "*Chamberlayne*" down to 1755—the last we have seen—were thus continually reproduced because the proprietors and editors of the table-book knew they were *not* particularly characteristic of one year or reign more than another—and now, in 1849, might be as well quoted as characteristic of the reign of George II. as of *Charles II.* We must add that there are references to *Chamberlayne* and to several weightier books, (some of which we shall notice more particularly hereafter,) as justifying assertions for which, on examining the said books with our best diligence, we have not been able to find a shadow of authority.

Our readers know that there was a Dr. John Eachard who wrote a celebrated work on the "*Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy.*" They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard who wrote both a *History of England*, and a *History of the Revolution*. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of *Eachard*, and at least twenty times by the wrong name. This, we admit, is a small matter; but what will some Edinburgh Reviewer (*temp.* Albert V.) say if he finds a writer confounding *Catherine* and *Thomas* Macaulay as "*the celebrated author of the great whig History of England*"—a confusion hardly worse than that of the two *Eachards*—for *Catherine*, though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as *Thomas* does in ours.

But we are sorry to say we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence, in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit, seems to us to pervade the whole work—from *Alpha* to *Omega*—from *Procopius* to *Mackintosh*—and it is on that very account the more difficult to bring to the distinct conception of our readers. Individual instances can be, and shall be, produced; but how can we extract and exhibit the minute particles that color every thread of the texture?—how extract the impalpable atoms that have fermented the whole

brewing? We must do as Dr. Faraday does at the institution when he exhibits in miniature the larger processes of nature. We will suppose, then—taking a simple phrase as the fairest for the experiment—that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French “*le drôle m’a fait peur*,” or Burnet saying in English “*the fellow frightened me*.” We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether “the fellow” spoken of was a *whig* or a *tory*. If a *whig*, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into “*the rogue startled me*,” but if a *tory*, it would take a deeper dye, and we should find “*the villain assaulted me*,” and in either case we should have a grave reference to

“Barillon, ^{Jan. 31,} 1686;” or, “Burnet, i. 907.”

If our reader will keep this formula in his mind, he will find it a fair exponent of Mr. Macaulay’s *modus operandi*.

We shall now endeavor to compress into an admissible compass a few instances of this transmutation.

There was, at the close of Charles the Second’s reign, a certain Thomas Dangerfield, “a fellow,” Hume tells us, “who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined for cheats, outlawed for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful enormities.”—*Hume* viii. 126. And this description is fully borne out by the best contemporary testimony.

This fellow was the author of the sham-conspiracy called the *meal-tub plot*, which he first pretended was a plot of the whigs against the king and the Duke of York; but not meeting the encouragement he hoped in that quarter, he turned his plot into a conspiracy of the Duke of York and the Earl of Peterborough to murder the king. For this aspersion he was, at the beginning of James’ reign, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, and of course became a kind of Protestant martyr; and his popularity with that party was very much increased by his having been killed on the day of his flogging by a strange accident, and, as Mr. Macaulay adds, by the hand of a *tory*.

The good name and fame of Mr. Dangerfield thus became precious to the whigs; and there are, in the “Bloody Assizes,” (an authority much relied on by Mr. Macaulay, and by him we believe alone,) several pieces in prose and verse in honor of this new martyr, who is gravely, in a long elegy, declared to be equal, if not superior, to the earlier martyrs—Lords Russell and Essex. At the conclusion of Mr. Macaulay’s relation of this sad affair we were exceedingly surprised to find this note:—

In the very rare volume entitled “*Succinct Genealogies*, by Robert Halstead,” Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was “a young man who appeared under

a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.”—i. 490.

Our surprise was twofold—first, to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to spread this slight varnish over the fame of Dangerfield, whom he had himself before emphatically called a *villain* (i. 257;) and, secondly, to find Lord Peterborough cited as a favorable witness to his character. What! we thought, Lord Peterborough pronouncing a kind of panegyric upon this most infamous slanderer of both himself and the duke—it was incredible! But Mr. Macaulay vouches Lord Peterborough’s own words. We hasten to consult the book, and there certainly we find Lord Peterborough acknowledging the intercourse and using the words as stated by Mr. Macaulay—but how! Now, indeed, the surprise will be our readers’. Lord Peterborough, who was placed in considerable danger by this fellow’s accusation, absurd as it was, explains in *his own defence*—that he, being first gentleman of the Duke of York’s bedchamber, was informed that a person, who would not give his name, desired to communicate to him an affair which nearly affected his royal highness. Lord Peterborough at first refused to see this anonymous stranger; but being told that his name was “Thomas Willoughby,” and not knowing whether, in those strange times, the duke’s life might not be really in danger, he had consented to see Mr. Willoughby, who “*was a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding*.” At this point Mr. Macaulay stops short; while the earl proceeds to tell us that, never having before seen or heard of the man, but deceived by these appearances, he had unfortunately carried Willoughby to tell his own story to the Duke of York—the result of all being that this “*wretch*” and “*villain*,” as the earl most truly calls him, turned out to be no other than Thomas Dangerfield, who accused the Duke of York of having at that interview offered him £20 to murder King Charles, and that Lord Peterborough was privy to the bargain!—(*Halstead*, p. 438.)

How Mr. Macaulay will account for this suppression of the latter part of Lord Peterborough’s evidence, and for his own inconsistency in thus volunteering to produce evidence—and false evidence too—in favor of a “*villain*,” we cannot, with the best consideration we have given to the matter, conjecture; but we are willing to suppose that there may be some possible explanation, and we shall proceed with our inquiry.

We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call anything bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of *tory*. When Doctor Johnson is quoted as acknowledging the Habeas Corpus Act as the chief safeguard of our liberties, he is only “*the most bigoted of tories*”—all tories, of course, being *ex vi termini* bigoted. “Of all tories, Lord Rochester was the most intolerant”—all tories,

of course being intolerant. When he wishes to stigmatize Sir William Williams he describes him as "undertaking what bigoted *tories* stained with the blood of Russell would have shrunk from"—a tory being, of course, the last step of infamy but one, and that one being a whig turned tory. In this spirit he proceeds with Dangerfield's story. This man had been sentenced to be publicly whipped. Mr. Macaulay tells us that on the evening of his punishment a *tory gentleman* of Gray's Inn, named Frances, struck Dangerfield with a small cane, which accidentally entering the eye killed him. For this deed, which Mr. Macaulay says, was but manslaughter, Frances was executed as for murder, (i. 489.) Now here Mr. Macaulay refers to the State Trials, where, however, there is nothing about a *tory gentleman*, but simply "*a barrister of Gray's Inn.*" Mr. Macaulay thought, we presume, that he was at liberty to *infer* from Frances' professing in his dying speech that

he had never before seen Dangerfield, nor had any grudge or personal prejudice against him more than what all honest and good men could not but have who loved the king and government—

that he must be a tory. The inference may be a fair one, though we should have hoped that there might even then have been found a whig loyal to the king, and who abhorred such miscreants as Oates and Dangerfield. But however that may be, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in interpolating, *ad invidiam*, the term tory, which his authority had not employed.

Another circumstance of Mr. Macaulay's report of this case is still worse. It had been falsely rumored at the time that Frances had been jealous of an intimacy between his wife and Dangerfield. The husband's dying speech indignantly refuted that calumny, saying that she was an "excellent wife—a most virtuous woman—and so well born that, had she been so inclined, she would not have debased herself to *so profligate* a person." This defence, sufficiently absurd in itself, needed no exaggeration; but Mr. Macaulay makes it the occasion of sneering at two usual objects of his dislike—*tories and churchmen*—for he quotes the authority as saying that, if the woman

had been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would have at least selected a *TORY* and a *CHURCHMAN* for her paramour!—i. 490.

Again, we read:—

Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a *remarkable and well-attested circumstance*, that Berry's last words did *more to shake the credit of the plot* than the dying declarations of all the pious and honorable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate.—ii. 8.

For this Mr. Macaulay vouches Burnet; but the reference is not fortunate. Burnet says that Berry had been born a Protestant, but had become a Papist, and was so at his trial; but the

night before his execution he confessed that he was in his heart a Protestant, and repented of his former dissimulation; Burnet, however, does *not* state the "*remarkable and well-attested fact*" for which Mr. Macaulay quotes him, nor anything like it; all he says is, that the *Papists* took great advantage from Berry's dying a Protestant to argue that the dying declarations of those of their own persuasion, which concurred with Berry's, were entitled to credit. Nor is there so much as a hint of any discredit having been thereby thrown on the plot; and there is indeed lamentable proof that Mr. Macaulay has wholly misunderstood the affair; for this, only the *third* trial of the supposed plotters, happened in February, 1679, and the series of massacres was not closed till near two years later, by the execution of Lord Stafford, in December, 1680.

He thus introduces the celebrated Lord Peterborough:—

Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on *rivalling Bourdaloue and Bossuet*. Though an *avowed freethinker*, he had sat up all night at sea to compose *sermons*, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man-of-war with his *pious oratory*.—ii. 33.

For this we are referred to "Teonge's Diary." On turning to Teonge we find nothing about "*free-thinking*"—nothing about *Bourdaloue and Bossuet*—nothing about *sermons* (in the plural)—nothing about *pious oratory*—but only that on one occasion Teonge, the chaplain of a man-of-war—in which Lord Mordaunt, then under 20, was taking a passage—being ill, the young lord "asked the captain's leave to preach, and sat up till four o'clock next morning to compose his speech"—a design which the chaplain, who seems to have been at least as strange a person as Mordaunt, defeated by getting out of his bed, and so rebuked the young lord that he returned into his own cabin in great wrath, and there, to spite the parson, set to work with a hammer and nails; and the parson, to spite him—"for discontent"—as he says—would have no prayers—and so the Sabbath was well passed between them. The story needs no exaggeration: and is indeed spoiled by Mr. Macaulay's unauthorized additions.

These are some insulated instances of the misstatement of his printed authorities; others, more complicated, will be developed hereafter under the topics to which they belong. We must now make a few observations on what, though some of them are in print, we may class with the MS authorities. Since Dalrymple discovered and in part opened to us the value of the despatches of Barillon, the French ambassador during the latter years of the reign of Charles and the whole of James, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh obtained access to and made extracts from the de-

spatches of Bonrepaux, another French envoy, Monsignor d'Adda, the Pope's nuncio, and Citters the Dutch, and Ronquillo the Spanish ministers. Of these, Fox, Mackintosh and his continuator, have published portions; but Mr. Macaulay intimates (i. 299—391) that the copious collections of Mr. Fox and Sir James have been put into his hands, and that he has himself obtained some additional extracts from the correspondence of Bonrepaux, Citters, and Ronquillo (i. 440, 465). We could have wished that some distinct notice had been given of the extent of each of these contributions—by whom the different portions to be copied were selected—what guarantee there is for the correctness of the copies, and (when translated) of the translations. Dalrymple and Fox gave us, in their appendices, a large portion of the originals; Mackintosh's continuator did the same to some extent; Mr. Macaulay has given us not more than half a dozen short extracts from the originals, and his versions of those passages only make us wish that we could see our way more distinctly into his authorities. We also wish Mr. Macaulay had always added some mark to explain whether the manuscripts were in the Fox, or the Mackintosh, or his own collection; and we may here be perhaps forgiven for throwing out, or more probably throwing away, a larger wish, that the despatches of those five ministers were published *in extenso*, or as far they relate to our concerns. Until that be done there will never be a history of our Revolution which one or other of the great parties will not look on with suspicion. What Dalrymple has done for our history is of great value, but of still greater is the example he has given us of the right course of inquiry and of the right spirit in pursuing it.

But we have not quite so much confidence in Mr. Macaulay; we are not to question his scholarship; but it seems to us that sometimes, whether from haste or from obliquity of vision, he gives versions or explanations of his Italian, Spanish, and Dutch authorities more favorable to what happens to be his object at the moment than the originals—in some of the few instances in which we have the means of comparison—warrant. These variations must in the nature of things be in general very slight, but when we find that the errors all tend in the same direction, we are forced to suspect a bias in the translator—a prejudice so inwoven that he makes no effort to check its suggestions. We select an instance from each language.

In ii. 335, he represents an Italian Jesuit as saying of the *Roman Catholic gentry exclusively*, what the author says of *all* the English gentry.

Again, on the same subject he mistranslates the Spanish minister Ronquillo, who, Mr. Macaulay says, in July, 1688,

assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained.—*Ib.* ii. 335.

The original does not bear out Mr. Macaulay's version: first, the Spaniard does not *assure* his court, but says *he is informed*; next, he does not mention the Catholic country gentlemen, but generally the Catholics in the provinces, without distinction of class or station; next, instead of *willingly consenting* to it, (we suppose the Test Act,) Ronquillo only says, they *do not reject it*, because, not aspiring to office, they wish for nothing more for themselves and their posterity than the security of the quiet exercise and enjoyment of their religion and their properties. This "*estoy informado*" of a desire to be quiet is essentially different from a *willing consent* to the specified terms of a *compromise*.

These are, we admit, slight discolorations, but even such would, in the long run, have their effect on the mind of the reader. But here is one which seems a little more serious. In describing the termination of the trial of the Bishops Mr. Macaulay states, that

As the noblemen who had appeared [in Westminster Hall] to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the Bishops and the Jury.—ii. 387.

And for this he refers to the Dutch minister, Citters, and quotes the original passage; but, on reading that passage, we find that Mr. Macaulay has made a remarkable omission. Citters says that the money was given to drink the healths of "THE KING, the Bishops, and the Jury." Mr. Macaulay's version omits *the king*—and our readers will wonder why he should omit the most important word in the sentence, or—choosing for any purpose to omit it—why he should yet give it at the bottom of his page. To this last suggestion we know not what reply to make; but the suppression is clear and not insignificant. We need not insist on the importance, at that crisis, of such a show of loyalty, both in the gentlemen and the mob, as the introduction of the *king's* name implied. It was a kind of popular protest against what happened after; and it really expressed, we are satisfied, the feelings of the majority, gentle and simple, of the people of England, (always excepting the republican whigs,) who, though they would not tolerate the unconstitutional proceedings of James and his evil counsellors, were very reluctant to cast off their allegiance to the *king*. But there is a particular circumstance that may also have influenced Mr. Macaulay. He opens his next chapter with the following emphatic paragraph:—

The acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the 30th of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history.

On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was despatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter.—ii. 395.

This was the paper which invited over the Prince of Orange, and as it was signed by several of the principal men of the party which had appeared in support of the bishops, it would a little disparage the sincerity and honor of these patriots to have it blazoned, that on the very day on which they despatched this treasonable paper, they had given the populace money to drink the *king's health*. Mr. Macaulay has at least spared his own pen that mortifying avowal.

It is but fair to observe that Mr. Macaulay, giving the original passages, might feel himself authorized to take more liberty in his translation—though it is odd that the three errors, one of them not slight, all tend towards Mr. Macaulay's peculiar views.

But there is a case which depends on, as far as we know, unpublished documents, about which we have a considerable curiosity. Mackintosh quotes, as from the Fox MSS., Barillon and Bonrepaux as attesting an intrigue of Lord Treasurer Rochester and his wife, in January and February, 1686, to set up Catherine Sedley, the king's mistress, just created Countess of Dorchester, against the queen, and that the queen in consequence helped to overthrow Rochester and replace him by Lord Sunderland. Mr. Macaulay quotes the same authorities and tells the same story with some additions of great malevolence and bitterness against Lord Rochester, whom, as well as his brother Clarendon, Mr. Macaulay pursues with as lively a hatred as Oldmixon could have felt. Now we, notwithstanding Mackintosh's reference to the French authorities and Mr. Macaulay's repetition of it, have some doubt, and, let us own, some hope, that this story may be altogether untrue. Mr. Macaulay sometimes quotes a history of our revolution by *M. Mazure*, written with the assistance of the *original documents* in the *French archives*; and in his work we find the following account of this intrigue:—

In this intrigue Lord Sunderland had the art to make himself useful to the queen and to persuade her that Lord and Lady Rochester had set up the mistress in hopes of governing the king through her and overthrowing all the projects in favor of the Catholic religion. Sunderland, who was in the pay of Louis XIV., tried to persuade Barillon of the same story; but Barillon and Bonrepaux—both of whom gave an account of this intrigue, the first to Louis XIV., the second to Seignelay—agree upon this point that Rochester was a complete stranger to the whole affair!—*Mazure*, ii. 158.

We confess that, having slight confidence in Mr. Macaulay's own accuracy, and knowing nothing of the *copies* on which Mackintosh told, and Mr. Macaulay has embellished, this story, we are inclined rather to believe the account of *M. Mazure*; but surely Mr. Macaulay, who makes so much of this affair, cites so many authorities about it, and even says that "the facts are stranger than fiction," ought at least to have taken notice of *M. Mazure's* evidence, and to have explained how such an utter discrepancy can exist between his

own and *M. Mazure's* account of the French despatches.

There is another circumstance which strongly, though incidentally, corroborates *Mazure's* version. At the time of this intrigue Clarendon was Privy Seal and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and, though he was in Dublin, it is impossible that he could have been a stranger to the proceedings of his brother Rochester. Now, both Lord and Lady Clarendon continued to write confidentially to Lord and Lady Rochester, as the channels of the queen's favor, in a way that seems utterly inconsistent with the Rochesters' being under her displeasure, or engaged in any intrigue against her; and, after some months, we find the queen expressing some displeasure on the score of Lady Dorchester—not against Rochester, the supposed guilty party—but against Clarendon—and not that he or his family had any share in the supposed intrigue, but that he had paid the countess some attention during a kind of exile which she had spent in Dublin; though, on the other hand, Lady Dorchester (with more justice, as it seems) complained that he had been deficient in civility. In short, it seems to us that several passages in the "Clarendon Correspondence" are irreconcilable with Mr. Macaulay's version of Rochester's conduct.

We shall now proceed to more general topics. We decline, as we set out by saying, to treat this "New Atlantis" as a serious history, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with matters of such remote interest as the errors and anachronisms with which the chapter that affects to tell our earlier history abounds. Our readers would take no great interest in a discussion whether Hengist was as fabulous as Hercules, Alaric a Christian born, and "the fair chapels of New College and St. George" at Windsor of the same date. But there is one subject in that chapter on which we cannot refrain from saying a few words—THE CHURCH.

We decline to draw any inferences from this work as to Mr. Macaulay's own religious opinions; but it is our duty to say—and we trust we may do so without offence—that Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with the general principle of church government, and the doctrine, discipline, and influence of the Church of England, cannot fail to give serious pain, and sometimes to excite a stronger feeling than pain, in the mind of every friend to that church, whether in its spiritual or corporate character.

He starts with a notion that the fittest engine to redeem England from the mischiefs and mistakes of oligarchical feudalism was to be found in the imposing machinery and deception of the Roman Church; overlooking the great truth that it was not the Romish Church, but the genius of Christianity, working its vast but silent change, which was really guiding on the chariot of civilization; but in this broad principle there was not enough of the picturesqueness of detail to captivate his mind. It would not suit him to distinguish between the Church of Christ and the web

of corruptions that had grown about her, but could not effectually arrest the benignant influence inherent in her mainspring. He therefore leads his readers to infer that Christianity came first to Britain with St. Austin, and for aught that Mr. Macaulay condescends to inform us, the existence of a prior Anglo-Saxon Church was a monkish fiction. The many unhappy circumstances of the position taken up by the Romish Church in its struggles for power—some of them unavoidable, it may be, if such a battle were to be fought—are actually displayed as so many blessings, attainable only by a system which the historian himself condemns elsewhere as baneful and untrue. He maintains these strange paradoxes and contradictions with a pertinacity quite surprising. He doubts whether a true form of Christianity would have answered the purposes of liberty and civilization half so well as the acknowledged duplicities of the Church of Rome.

It may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent.—i. 23.

There is a point in the life both of an individual and a society at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities.—i. 47.

These are specimens of the often exposed fallacies in which he delights to indulge. Place right and wrong in a state of uncertainty by reflected lights, and you may fill up your picture as you like. And such forever is Mr. Macaulay's principle of art. It is not the elimination of error that he seeks for, but an artistic balance of conflicting forces. And this he pursues throughout; deposing the dignity of the historian for the clever antithesis of the pamphleteer. At last, on this great and important point of religious history—a point which more than any other influences every epoch of English progress, he arrives at this pregnant and illustrative conclusion—

It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation.—i. 49.

England owes nothing to "the Roman Catholic religion." She owes everything to CHRISTIANITY, which Romanism injured and hampered, but could not destroy, and which the Reformation freed at least from the worst of those impure and impeding excrescences.

With regard to his treatment of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England, it is very difficult to give our readers an adequate idea. Throughout, a system of depreciation—we had almost said insult—is carried on; sneers, sarcasms, injurious comparisons, sly misrepresentations, are all adroitly mingled throughout the narrative, so as to produce an unfavorable impression, which the author has not the frankness to attempt directly. Even when obliged to approach the subject openly, it is curious to observe how, under a slight veil of impartiality, imputations are raised and calumnies accredited. For instance, early in

the first volume he gives us his view of the English Reformation, as a kind of middle term, emerging out of the antagonist struggles of the Catholics and Calvinists; and it is impossible not to see that, between the three parties, he awards to the Catholics the merit of unity and consistency; to the Calvinists, of reason and independence; to the Anglicans, the lowest motives of expediency and compromise. To enforce this last topic he relies on the inconsistencies, some real and some imaginary, imputed to Cranmer, whose notions of worldly expedience he chooses to represent as the source of the Anglican Church.

But, as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England. * * *

The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Sainthood in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery.—i. 51, 52.

He thence proceeds to show that the opinions of the Church of England on various points are not those which at one time were held by Cranmer, whom he seems resolved to consider as her founder, and for whose inconsistencies he holds her responsible. Now no one who knows Cranmer's writings and history—no one, of the greater number who remember the magnanimous immolation of his guilty right hand at the stake—will contend for the undeviating consistency of all his opinions. He was by nature of a wavering and argumentative disposition, and he lived in a chaotic time, when the bravest and the wisest did not see their way, and "staggered to and fro like drunken men." But we are, nevertheless, very far from thinking that Mr. Macaulay can justify the language he has used as to this subject.

He speaks (p. 53) of Cranmer's "*conviction*" that "in the primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests." In p. 57, he states that Cranmer had "declared in emphatic terms that God had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole care of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, for the cure of souls, as concerning

the ministration of things political." And again (p. 76) he refers to the "low estimate which Cranmer had formed of the office of a bishop." Now all these statements are founded on Cranmer's answers to the questions given in Burnet. But why does not Mr. Macaulay mention that the "conviction" was expressed only on one occasion, and with the greatest modesty as "mere opinion," which Cranmer did not "temerariouly define," but remitted to the king's judgment? Why does he not inform us that the opinion was contradicted by the other commissioners, and that it did not prevent Cranmer himself from subscribing shortly afterwards the "Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man," nor from directing the publication of the "Catechism or Short Instruction into Christian Religion," which two works contain the plainest possible avowals of what Mr. Macaulay sneers at as "High Church Doctrine." Why does he not take any notice of Cranmer's essay, "*De Ordine et Ministerio Sacerdotum et Episcoporum*!" (See his works published by the Parker Society, App., p. 484.) If Cranmer did not always hold the same principle, why advert to one occasion when he delivered a "mere opinion," which he would not "temerariouly define," and pass over all the passages, English and Latin, in which at various periods he deliberately expresses the general bias of his mind? Is this fair?

We have no doubt that, if the force of Mr. Macaulay's attack should be thought in any degree proportioned to the hostility of the intention, the church will find many defenders more powerful than our abilities, and more complete than our space, would allow us to be. Already, indeed, we have received a pamphlet by the Rev. R. C. Harrington, Chancellor of Exeter, which sufficiently refutes all that it concerns our church to refute, of Mr. Macaulay's misstatements. We cannot here follow the steps of Mr. Harrington's able and conclusive arguments. Those who think Mr. Macaulay worth refutation will find his sophistry fully but very courteously exposed by Mr. Harrington. But we shall select two short passages which show that Mr. Macaulay is not more exact in his ecclesiastical quotations than we have shown him to be in others. He states that—

Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, from dislike to what he regarded as the mummery of consecration.—i. 51.

There is nothing of the kind. The indecent sneer about "the mummery of consecration"—*mummery of consecration*!—observe the juxtaposition of these terms—is Mr. Macaulay's own. The truth is that Grindal consulted Peter Martyr (but did not wait for his answer) as to some scruples "concerning impropriations and the wearing certain peculiar garments" (Harrington, 11): not a hint about *consecration*—of course no scandalous allusion to *mummery*—these are all flowers of Mr. Macaulay's own rhetoric. The other case is if possible still worse:—

When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken

of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of Saint Paul applied.—i. 56.

The "objection" and "the answer," says Mr. Harrington, seem to be the result of a fertile imagination—the only conjectural ground of it being a paper in which it was stated as a point to be established that the text of St. Paul referred to,

was not meant of such bishops only as be now of the clergy, but was *as well* meant and spoken of EVERY ruler and governor of Christian people.—Harrington, 12.

The date of this paper, 1532, removes it from all connection with our formularies, and even Mr. Macaulay seems to admit that it was probably written by Gardiner; but he does not add that Gardiner was a papist, nor explain by what process he makes our church responsible for Gardiner's doctrines, even if they were what he represents them.

No infidelity of quotation that we have instanced appears to exceed these. We shall see more of his bitter hostility to the Church of England in a future division of our subject, where we shall find him as unjust to her maturity as he has been to what he calls her origin—as injuriously prejudiced against her ministers as he has been against her principles.

The next great division of his subject is the reign of Charles I. There are, as we have had so often to say, no facts to debate with him; all we have to do is, to repeat our charge of habitual partiality and injustice—partiality towards every form of rebellion, and especially its archetype Cromwell—injustice to every principle of monarchical loyalty, and their representatives Strafford and King Charles.

To disprove the imputations, to correct the misstatements, to refute the insinuations which Mr. Macaulay lavishes with bitter and unwearied animosity on the king, would require us to rewrite the "History of the Rebellion." We shall content ourselves with a few short notices of the historian's own partiality and inconsistency. In the first place we observe, that, though he talks of the king's evil *propensities* and *vices* as if they were many, he can, like his predecessors in the same field, specify but one, which less eloquent whig historians are content to blame as "insincerity," but Mr. Macaulay stigmatizes as nothing short of "perfidy," or even some harsher name. As we ourselves are in the course of this article forced occasionally to question Mr. Macaulay's own sincerity, we should be unwilling to adopt the vocabulary in which he characterizes the duplicity of Charles, though we cannot, on the other hand, quite reconcile ourselves to the palliative and even laudatory terms in which he treats the much deeper shades of the same *vice* in Cromwell,

Sidney, King William, and other favorite politicians.

We select a few of the choice flowers which he charitably strews on the grave of the unhappy Charles.

Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was in truth impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways.—i. 84.

He was perfidious not only from ambition and habit, but on principle.—*ib.*

So notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable.—i. 106.

The duplicity of Charles made his old enemies irreconcilable.—i. 113.

The king was not to be trusted; the *vices* of Charles had grown upon him. Cunning is the natural defence of the weak. A prince therefore who is habitually a deceiver.—i. 126.

Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler.—i. 126.

The same punishment that awaits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the king.—i. 110.

Every one of the circumstances on which we may presume that Mr. Macaulay would rely as justifying these charges has been long since, to more candid judgments, either disproved, explained, or excused, and in truth whatever blame can be justly attributed to any of them, belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to those whose violence and injustice drove a naturally upright and most conscientious man into the shifts and stratagems of self-defence. With the greatest fault and the only crime that Charles in his whole life committed, Mr. Macaulay does not reproach him—the consent to the execution of Lord Strafford—that indeed, as he himself penitentially confessed, was a deadly weight on his conscience, and is an indelible stain on his character; but even that guilt and shame belongs in a still greater degree to Mr. Macaulay's patriot heroes.

This leads us to the conclusive plea which we enter to Mr. Macaulay's indictment, namely—that all those acts alleged as the excuses of rebellion and regicide occurred after the rebellion had broken out, and were at worst only devices of the unhappy king to escape from the regicide which he early foresaw. It was really the old story of the wolf and the lamb. It was far down the stream of rebellion that these acts of supposed perfidy on the part of Charles could be said to have troubled it.

But while he thus deals with the lamb, let us see how he treats the wolf. We have neither space nor taste for groping through the long and dark labyrinth of Cromwell's proverbial duplicity and audacious apostasy: we shall content ourselves with two facts, which, though stated in the gentlest way by Mr. Macaulay, will abundantly justify the opinion which all mankind, except a few republican zealots, hold of that man's sincerity, of whose abilities, wonderful as they were, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most serviceable to his fortunes, was his hypocrisy; so

much so, that South—a most acute observer of mankind, and who had been educated under the commonwealth and protectorate—in his sermon on “Worldly Wisdom,” adduces Cromwell as an instance of “habitual dissimulation and imposture.” Oliver, Mr. Macaulay tells us, modelled his army on the principle of composing it of men fearing God, and zealous for *public liberty*, and in the very next page he is forced to confess that

thirteen years followed in which for the first and the last time the civil power of our country was subjected to military dictation.—i. 120.

Again,

Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, but he had *broken* with every other class of his fellow-citizens.—i. 129.

That is, he had broken through all the promises, pledges, and specious pretences by which he had deceived and enslaved the nation, which Mr. Macaulay calls with such opportune *naïveté*, *his fellow-citizens*! Then follows, not a censure of this faithless usurpation, but many labored apologies and even defences of it, and a long series of laudatory epithets, some of which are worth collecting as a rare contrast to Mr. Macaulay's usual style, and particularly to the abuse of Charles, which we have just exhibited.

His *genius and resolution* made him more *absolute master of his country* than any of her legitimate kings had been.—i. 129.

He having cut off the legitimate king's head on a pretence that Charles had wished to make himself *absolutely master of the country*.

Everything yielded to the *vigor and ability* of Cromwell.—i. 130.

The government, though in the form of a republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the *wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity* of the despot.—i. 137.

With a vast deal more of the same tone.

But Mr. Macaulay particularly expatiates on the influence that Cromwell exercised over foreign states; and there is hardly any topic to which he recurs with more pleasure, or, as we think, with less sagacity, than the terror with which Cromwell and the contempt with which the Stuarts inspired the nations of Europe. He somewhat exaggerates the extent of this feeling, and greatly misstates or mistakes the cause; and as this subject is in the present state of the world of more importance than any others in the work, we hope we may be excused for some observations tending to a sounder opinion on that subject.

It was not, as Mr. Macaulay everywhere insists, the personal abilities and genius of Cromwell that exclusively, or even in the first degree, carried his foreign influence higher than that of the Stuarts. The internal struggles that distracted and consumed the strength of these islands throughout their reigns necessarily rendered us little formidable to our neighbors; and it is with no good

grace that a whig historian stigmatizes that result as shameful; for, without discussing whether it was justifiable or not, the fact is certain, that it was opposition of the whigs—often in rebellion and always in faction against the government—which disturbed all progress at home and paralyzed every effort abroad. We are not, we say, now discussing whether that opposition was not justifiable and may not have been ultimately advantageous in several constitutional points; we think it decidedly was: but at present all we mean to do is to show that it had a great share in producing on our foreign influence the lowering effects of which Mr. Macaulay complains.

And there is still another consideration which escapes Mr. Macaulay in his estimate of such usurpers as Cromwell and Bonaparte. A usurper is always more terrible both at home and abroad than a legitimate sovereign: first, the usurper is likely to be (and in these two cases was) a man of superior genius and military glory, wielding the irresistible power of the sword; but there is a still stronger contrast—legitimate governments are bound—at home by laws—abroad by treaties, family ties, and international interests; they acknowledge the law of nations, and are limited, even in hostilities, by many restraints and bounds. The despotic usurpers had no fetters of either sort—they had no opposition at home, and no scruples abroad. Law, treaties, rights, and the like, had been already broken through like cobwebs, and kings naturally humbled themselves before a vigor that had dethroned and murdered kings, and foreign nations trembled at a power that had subdued in their own fields and cities the pride of England and the gallantry of France! To contrast Cromwell and Charles II., Napoleon and Louis XVIII., is sheer nonsense and mere verbiage—it is as if one should compare the house-dog and the wolf, and argue that the terror inspired by the latter was very much to his honor. All this is such a mystery to Mr. Macaulay that he wanders into two theories so whimsical, that we hesitated between passing them by as absurdities, or producing them for amusement; we adopt the latter. One is that Cromwell could have no interest and therefore no personal share in the death of Charles. "Whatever Cromwell was," says Mr. Macaulay, "he was no fool; and he must have known that Charles I. was obviously a less difficulty in his way than Charles II." Cromwell, we retain the phrase, "was no fool," and he thought and found that Charles II. was, as far as he was concerned, no difficulty at all. The real truth was, that the revolutionary party in England in 1648, like that in France in 1792, was but a rope of sand which nothing could cement and consolidate but the *blood of the kings*—that was a common crime and a common and indissoluble tie which gave all their consistency and force to both revolutions—a stroke of original sagacity in Cromwell and of imitative dexterity in Robespierre. If Mr. Macaulay admits, as he subsequently does, (i. 129,) that the regicide was "a sacrament of

blood," by which the party became irrevocably bound to each other and separated from the rest of the nation, how can he pretend that Cromwell derived no advantage from it? In fact, his admiration—we had almost said fanaticism—for Cromwell betrays him throughout into the blindest inconsistencies.

The second vision of Mr. Macaulay is, if possible, still more absurd. He imagines a Cromwell dynasty! If it had not been for Monk and his army, the rest of the nation would have been loyal to the son of the illustrious Oliver.

Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterwards established under the house of Hanover, would have been established under the house of Cromwell.—i. 142.

And yet in a page or two Mr. Macaulay is found making an admission—made, indeed, with the object of disparaging Monk and the royalists—but which gives to his theory of a Cromwellian dynasty the most conclusive refutation.

It was probably not till Monk had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free parliament; and there could be no doubt that a parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family.—i. 147.

All this hypothesis of a Cromwellian dynasty looks like sheer nonsense; but we have no doubt it has a meaning, and we request our readers not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous partiality and absurdity of Mr. Macaulay's speculations from an appreciation of the deep hostility to the monarchy from which they arise. They are like bubbles on the surface of a dark pool, which indicate that there is something rotten below.

We should if we had time have many other complaints to make of the details of this chapter, which are deeply colored with all Mr. Macaulay's prejudices and passions. He is, we may almost say of course, violent and unjust against Strafford and Clarendon; and the most prominent touch of candor that we can find in this period of his history is, that he slurs over the murder of Laud in an obscure half-line, (i. 119,) as if he were—as we hope he really is—ashamed of it.

We now arrive at what we have heard called the celebrated third chapter—celebrated it deserves to be, and we hope our humble observations may add something to its celebrity. There is no feature of Mr. Macaulay's book on which, we believe, he more prides himself, and which has been in truth more popular with his readers, than the descriptions which he introduces of the residences, habits, and manners of our ancestors. They are, provided you do not look below the surface, as entertaining as Pepys or Pennant, or any of the many scrap-book histories which have been recently fabricated from those old materials; but when we come to examine them, we find that in these cases, as everywhere else, Mr. Macaulay's propensity to caricature and exaggerate leads him not merely to disfigure

circumstances, but totally to forget the principle on which such episodes are admissible into regular history—namely, the illustration of the story. They should be, as it were, woven into the narrative, and not, as Mr. Macaulay generally treats them, stitched on like patches. This latter observation does not of course apply to the collecting a body of a miscellaneous facts into a separate chapter, as Hume and others have done; but Mr. Macaulay's chapter, besides, as we shall show, the prevailing inaccuracy of its details, has one general and essential defect specially its own.

The moment Mr. Macaulay has selected for suspending his narrative to take a view of the surface and society of England is the death of Charles II. Now we think no worse point of time could have been chosen for tracing the obscure but very certain connection between political events and the manners of a people. The Restoration, for instance, was an era in manners as well as in politics—so was in a fainter degree the Revolution—either, or both, of those periods would have afforded a natural position for contemplating a going and a coming order of things; but we believe that there are no two periods in our annals which were so identical in morals and politics—so undistinguishable, in short, in any national view—as the latter years of Charles and the earlier years of James. Here then is an objection *in limine* to this famous chapter—and not *in limine* only, but in substance; for in fact the period he has chosen would not have furnished out the chapter, four fifths of which belong to a date later than that which he professes to treat of. In short, the chapter is like an old curiosity-shop, into which—no matter whether it happens to stand in Charles street, William street, or George street—the knick-knacks of a couple of centuries are promiscuously jumbled. What does it signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, “*sixty years after the Revolution*” (i. 347,) says that in the lodging-houses at Bath “the hearth-slabs” were “freestone, not marble”—that “the best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs”?—nay, that he should have the personal good taste to lament that in those Bæotian days “*not a wainscot was painted*” (348); and yet this twaddle of the reign of George II., patched into the times of Charles II., is the appropriate occasion which he takes to panegyricize this new mode of elucidating history!

Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts [*painting wainscot*] will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors looked.—i. 348.

Yes, when the parlor or bedchamber was in any way connected with the event, or characteristic of the person, or *even of the times*; but not

a Bath lodging-house in 1750 as illustrative of the ordinary parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors in 1684.

In the same style he is so obliging as to illustrate the battle of Sedgemoor by the following valuable circumstance:—

Feversham had fixed his head-quarters at Weston Zoyland. Many persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant girl who waited on him that day at table.—i. 604.

Prodigious! the daughter! Are we too sanguine in hoping that there may be still extant a granddaughter, or peradventure a great-granddaughter, of the *servant girl* who waited at the table of the commander-in-chief of the royal army, who it seems had no servants of his own?—But still more wonderful—

And a large *dish of Persian ware* which was set before him is still carefully preserved in the neighborhood.—*ib.*

And lest any doubt should remain on the reader's mind whether the dish which Mr. Macaulay describes as now in the actual “possession of Mr. Stradling” be the real *bonâ fide* dish, he satisfies all unreasonable incredulity on that point by not only local but statistical evidence:—

It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. *The Somersetshire traditions are therefore of no small value to an historian.*

It would be superfluous to endeavor, after so high an authority, to depreciate the *historical value* of the story of the china dish, but we may be forgiven if we call particular attention to the admirable structure of Mr. Macaulay's syllogism.

Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John a Noaks farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

Therefore, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped. Q. E. D.!

In proceeding to exhibit some of the other details of the celebrated chapter we must premise that our selections are but specimens of a huge mass of mistake and absurdity, selected as being the most capable of a summary exposure:—

There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast and on many inland hills, tall posts surrounded by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger. * * * But many years had now [1684] elapsed since the beacons had been lighted.—i. 290.

And for this he quotes

“Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.”

The self-same passage is to be found in “Chamberlayne's State of England, 1755;” and whoever has read the letters of Sir Walter Scott will recol-

lect that he once rode 100 miles without drawing bridle in consequence of the beacons having been lit in Northumberland on a false alarm of a French invasion, A.D. 1805 !

The Groom of the Stole had 5000*l.* a year.—*Chamberlayne's State of England*, 1684.

This is introduced as a proof of the extravagance of Charles II.'s court, and is not true either in fact or in reference. Chamberlayne makes no difference between the groom of the stole and the other lords of the bedchamber, whose salaries were 1000*l.*; and there is the same unaltered passage in Chamberlayne down to 1755.

The place of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is supposed to be worth 40,000*l.* a year.—i. 310.

The authority cited for this is the Grand Duke Cosmo, who, on his way from Corunna to England, touched at Kinsale, and slept one night ashore, during which his secretary, who does not seem to have known any English, collected this valuable information. The total public revenue of Ireland was little more than 300,000*l.*, and the aggregate salaries of *all* the public servants in the kingdom but 25,000*l.*, so that the sum stated as the lord lieutenant's income was incredible. We should be inclined to suspect the sum to be a clerical error of the transcriber's for 40,000 *crowns*.

Not satisfied with a constant effort to depreciate the moral and social condition of the country at that day, he must do the same by its natural features and productions. It needed, we think, no parade of authorities to show that the cultivation of the soil was then inferior to ours; but Mr. Macaulay will produce authorities, and, as often happens to him, the authorities prove nothing but his own rashness :

In the drawings of English landscapes, made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain.—i. 311.

These drawings are, if we may judge by the plates, to which we suppose Mr. Macaulay alludes, made hastily by a very poor hand, and hardly deserve to be spoken of as drawings of landscapes, the artist's object being chiefly the exterior aspect of the towns through which the duke passed; but it is not true that *scarcely a hedgerow is to be seen*; there are, we are satisfied, nearly as many as the same artist would now show in the same places; but why appeal to these poor sketches when we have a very contrary description in the *text* of the self-same work? We take, for example, the two earliest of these landscapes that occur in the route, and we find the country represented in the first described as having "*fields surrounded with hedges and dry walls*" (*Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, ii. 127); the second represents the approach to Exeter, thus described in the text—"Everywhere were seen *fields surrounded with rows of trees, meadows of the most beautiful verdure, gentlemen's seats, &c.*" (*ib.* 128.) Is it good faith to

produce such drawings (even if they were what Mr. Macaulay describes, which they are not) as proofs of a fact which the letterpress on the opposite page, and which must have been seen at the same glance, contradicts!

Again: Mr. Macaulay says of London:—

The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex.—i. 349.

But hear what the writer of the Grand Duke's travels saw and records, and for which he is a rather better authority than for the profits of the lord lieutenant:—

The whole tract of country—seven miles—from Brentford to London, is *truly delicious*, from the *abundance of well-built villas and country houses* which are seen in *every direction*.—*Travels*, 162.

Again: he says that our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices, and that, either for *war* or *coaches*, foreign breeds were preferred (i. 315;) but on the other hand, one of his favorite authorities (Chamberlayne, 1684) boasts of the superiority of the English horses:—

For *war*, for *coach*, for highway, for hunting, nowhere such plenty of horses.—*Present State*, p. 8.

And again:—

The modern racehorse was not then known.—i. 315.

No doubt; the Godolphin Arabian was not yet imported: but what used to take King Charles to Newmarket, on the road to which some of the revolution patriots were to lie in wait to assassinate him? Why did the king invite the grand duke to come "to see the horse-racing at Newmarket!"—p. 201.

Mr. Macaulay makes a great parade of the increased size and improved appearance of the towns and cities of England since the days of Charles II. He need hardly, we think, have taken such pains, when the population estimates and returns of ten years ago informed us that the population of England and Wales, which in 1670 was estimated at about *five and a half* millions, was, in 1840, *sixteen*; and the greater part of his observations on these towns seem to us quite irrelevant to any part of his subject, and in themselves both inaccurate and superficial. One instance of such trifling will suffice. We do not see what a description of a place like Cheltenham—a creation of almost our own day—has to do with a history of the reign of King Charles II., though it might be noticed in that of George III., as a visit to it was thought to have brought on his first illness; but while our statistical historian is expatiating in a very flowery style on the local position and wonderful growth of this beautiful town, he totally forgets the *medicinal wells*, to which alone it owes its existence! The tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted!

Speaking of *Soho Square*, he says—

Monmouth Square had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished.—i. 356.

With a reference to *Chamberlayne*; but the reference again fails us;—we cannot find it in *Chamberlayne*. *Chamberlayne* calls it *King's Square*. This trifle, however, though it confirms what we have said of the inaccuracy of Mr. Macaulay's references to his authorities, would not be worth mentioning, but that it reveals a more important negligence in Mr. Macaulay.

Lord Grey, one of the Rye House conspirators, who was second in command in Monmouth's rebellion, and taken prisoner with him, made a confession, which is one of the most remarkable documents of the times. It was printed, in 1754, under the title of "*Secret History of the Rye House Plot*." This work, which is conclusive as to the treason of Lord Russell and all the other patriots, is extremely distasteful to all the whig historians; and Mr. Macaulay, though forced to quote it, is anxious to contest its veracity; but it would really seem as if he had not condescended to read this celebrated confession. If he had, he could have made no mistake as to the name of the square, nor referred to *Chamberlayne* for what was not there, for in his confession Lord Grey tells us that in the spring of 1683, preparatory to fixing the precise day for a general insurrection, he met Mr. Trenchard, one of the west-country conspirators, to consider that point "*at the Duke of Monmouth's house in SOHO SQUARE*."—(Grey, p. 36.) And again, Lord Grey says that the night before the conspirators were to leave town for their respective posts he "*walked with the Duke of Monmouth in SOHO SQUARE till break of day*." Has Mr. Macaulay written his history without having carefully read the infinitely most important document of the whole period?

He tells us that the foundation of the Royal Society spread the growth of true science:—

One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and Alchemy became jests.—i. 41.

Has Mr. Macaulay forgotten "*Albumazar*" and the "*Alchemist*"—jestes a good deal earlier than this date?

He relates as a sign of the low intellect of the times—

The "*London Gazette*" came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, and a skirmish on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, &c., &c.

An ex-secretary of war might know that the *Gazette* is little better, indeed hardly so good, in our days; and that, substituting the publishing days, Tuesday and Friday, for Monday and Thursday, the description of King Charles' *Gazette* would exactly suit that of Queen Victoria, even

when Mr. Macaulay was its most important contributor.

The attempt to say something picturesque frequently betrays him into anachronism and absurdity. When Princess Anne escaped from Whitehall in a hackney coach, our great painter exalts the humility of the flight by the grandeur of his style.

The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate street, where the town residence of the Bishops of London then stood, *within the shadow of the dome of their cathedral*.—i. 521.

Noble! but unluckily there was no dome either before that time, nor at that time, nor for some years after.

He tells us that in old London, as now in all old Paris, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and that thence arose

the wish of every pedestrian to keep close to the wall.

The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague house.—i. 360.

As we know that these jostlings for the wall took place as early as the reign of Elizabeth, (see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1.) and as late as that of George I., it was hardly worth while to relate it as a remarkable fact of the reign of Charles II., to which moreover none of the authorities quoted apply; but even in this trivial matter Mr. Macaulay contrives to make a serious mistake; street quarrels of this nature, technically called *rencontres*, ("*sudden combat without premeditation*," Johnson's Dictionary,) were settled on the spot, in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword. It was only a formal prearranged duel that ever carried the combatants behind Montague House; and this distinction was important, for a fatal *duel* was legally murder, whereas a *rencontre* was seldom more than manslaughter.

Again: he produces as a proof of Monmouth's hold on the affections of the people, and as an honorable instance of popular fidelity, that long after his death, an impostor deceived the country people of Dorsetshire by assuming his name. May we remind Mr. Macaulay of Sir William Courtenay, *alias* Thom, who figured even more theatrically in our own day! Much the larger part of Mr. Macaulay's anecdotes of this class might, we confidently believe, be paralleled by analogous events fifty or a hundred years later than the times which he censures or ridicules.

He expatiates largely, as indicative of the barbarous and bigoted state of England in the reign of Charles II., on the tumultuous opposition to turnpikes and the destruction of toll-gates. He seems to have forgotten that the same thing occurred the other day in Wales, and was only sub-

duced by a stronger exertion of force than was required in the earlier period.

He tells, that when the floods were out between London and Ware, travellers were up to their saddle-skirts in water, and that a higgler once perished in such a flood, (i. 374.) We still hear of the same things every winter, and only so late as last February we read of many similar accidents.

These and such like puerilities, the majority of them collected from authorities of the reigns of the Georges, are, it seems, illustrations of England in the days of Charles II.

When we call these things puerilities, it is not that we should consider as such, an authentic collection of facts, be they ever so small, which should be really illustrative of any particular period—for instance, of the period Mr. Macaulay has selected; but of what value, except to make a volume of *Ana*, can it be to collect a heap of small facts, worthless in themselves—having no special relation to either the times or the events treated of—and, after all, not one in twenty told with perfect accuracy—perfect accuracy being the only merit of such matters?

It may be asked what could induce Mr. Macaulay to condescend to such petty errors? Two motives occur to us; the one we have already alluded to—the embellishment of his historical romance; but another more powerful, and which pervades the whole work, a wish to exhibit England prior to the Revolution as in a mean and even barbarous and despicable condition. We are, we trust, as sensible as Mr. Macaulay can be of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, secured to us by the Revolution, and of the gradual development of the material, and moral, and intellectual powers, which the political constitution then defined and established has so largely assisted. We think those advantages so great as to need no unfair embellishment, and we especially protest against Mr. Macaulay's systematic practice of raking up and exaggerating, as exclusively belonging to the earlier period, absurdities and abuses of which his evidence is mainly drawn from the latter. It may be self-flattery, but we persuade ourselves that ours is the higher as well as the truer view of the principles of the Revolution and of the duty of an historian.

We take slight account of such mistakes as saying that the bishops were tried for a *libel*, though it is a strange one for a constitutional lawyer to make, or of calling Mrs. Lisle *The Lady Alice*, though this is equally strange in one who has been a guest at "*Windsor Castle*." We presume that both these errors, small, but ridiculous, arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the State Trials instead of the text, for both these errors happen to be in the running title and not in the body of the work. There are several more serious slips in point of law, but on which it would not be worth while to detain our readers.

After so much of what seems to us absurdity and nonsense we are glad to be able to produce

a bit of antiquarian topography, which, though not exempt from Mr. Macaulay's too frequent sins, is, to our taste, very natural and graceful; and we know not that we could produce from the whole work—assiduous as Mr. Macaulay has been in seeking picturesque effects—any other picture of so high a tone of coloring and of feeling. The remains of the unhappy Monmouth were, he says,

Placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's chapel in the tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.—Vol. i., pp. 628, 629.

Yet even here we have to regret that Mr. Macaulay did not acknowledge his obligation to Pennant, who had already stated the facts in his plain but not unimpressive way; and if Mr. Macaulay has been able to find any direct evidence—which Pennant could not—that "Margaret (last of the royal line, as Pennant, or 'proud line,' as Mr. Macaulay more ambitiously writes) of Plantagenet was buried in this chapel," he ought to have mentioned it. We quite agree with the disgust expressed by Mr. Macaulay at the

Barbarous stupidity which has transformed this

most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town.—i. 629.

But we think one who has been secretary at war, and a cabinet minister, might have done more than express a sterile literary disgust at such a proceeding. We wonder, too, that Mr. Macaulay, so fond of minute circumstances, should have lost, under the common name of *St. Peter's Chapel*, its real and touching designation of "*St. Peter ad Vincula*."

We heartily wish that we had nothing more to complain of than the local and anecdotal mistakes of this chapter; but Mr. Macaulay, under color of painting the manners of the age, has drawn pictures of the clergy and gentry of England which we can qualify by no tenderer name than libels, gathered from what Mr. Macaulay complacently calls the "lighter literature of the day"—loose plays, doggerel verses, the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, *et id genus omne*, of which respectable authorities, as of those for the rest of the chapter, the greater part does not apply to either the period or, indeed, the purpose for which they are quoted, and, in several serious instances, are entirely misquoted. We will begin with the case of the clergy, where the misrepresentations are so many and so intricate, that we must beg the patient attention of our readers while we unravel a few of the most important.

It is evident that Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his democratical tendencies, thinks that he will depreciate the Church of England by rating its respectability as a profession, or, in other words, its aristocratical character, below that of the Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation.

The place of clergymen in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Men, averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure [became priests.] Among them were the sons of all the most illustrious families and near kinsmen of the throne—Scroopes and Nevilles, Bourchiers, Staffords and Poles. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., therefore, no line of life, was more inviting.—(i. 325.) Thence came a violent revolution, and the sacerdotal office lost its attractions for the higher classes. During the century that followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders; at the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of peers were bishops, four or five sons of peers were priests; but these rare exceptions did not take away the *reproach* which lay on the whole body.—i. 338.

The reproach!—Even if all this were true, it would not diminish our own, nor, we presume, any Christian's respect for our church. We should be no more ashamed of the humility of its ministers than we are at the humility, in a worldly sense, of its founder and his apostles. (*Μακάριός ἐστιν ὁς ἰάν μὴ σκανδαλισθῇ ἐν ἑμοί*—imperfectly translated *offended*.—Luke vii. 23.) Nor would we exchange Jeremy Taylor, the barber's son, for any Scroope or Pole that the former

period can show. We have, therefore, little interest in inquiring Mr. Macaulay's authority for his statistics, but they induced us to look into Beatson, the only kind of authority we happen to have at hand, and we find there that, in the 300 years which preceded the Reformation, there were about fifty English bishops noted as being of noble families; and that in the 300 which have since elapsed there have been about fifty-three.

But again—harping on the same aristocratical string, which seems to jar strangely to his touch, he says—

Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the house with respect; for he was one of the few clergymen who could in that age boast of noble blood.—ii. 33.

Now, it happens that we have evidence that there were at that time in holy orders at least the following:—Dr. Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Finch, son of the Earl of Winchelsea, and another Mr. Finch, brother of the Earl of Nottingham; Dr. Montagu, uncle of the Earl of Sandwich; Dr. Annesley, uncle of the Earl of Anglesey; Dr. Greenvil, brother of the Earl of Bath; Mr. Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley; Dr. Booth, brother of the Earl of Warrington; Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Graham, brother of Viscount Preston; Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.; Sir William Dawes, Bart.; Sir George Wheeler; together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Grey of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandois; to whom may be added, near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Kent. And we have no doubt that a longer search would largely increase this already respectable list.

But while Mr. Macaulay is expatiating on the causes that made the Popish clergy more respectable than their Anglican successors—which we altogether disbelieve, and, as far as our information goes, positively deny—he omits to notice that grand difference, which would alone suffice to cast the balance of respectability of every kind—of birth, of wealth, of learning, of morals, in favor of the Protestants—we mean the marriage of the clergy. That important—we might say governing—circumstance—that greatest of social reforms, which never occurs to the philosophic mind of the historian—would alone countervail all Mr. Macaulay's pompous catalogue of Popish superiorities.

In truth, we believe that the most remarkable social difference produced on the clerical character by the Reformation was the very reverse of what he asserts. In England *then*, as in every Roman Catholic country even *down to this day*, though there were "great prizes," as Mr. Macaulay calls them, to seduce a few Nevilles and Poles or Richelieus and Talleyrands into the church, the great body of the parochial, and almost the whole regular, clergy were of an infe-

rior grade both of birth and education. Mr. Macaulay, in another view of the subject, tells us that the Anglo-Romish priests imported into England so late as the reign of James II. "spelled like washerwomen." It is rather unlucky for us to have to show Mr. Macaulay to be so bad an authority, for really we could find no fuller contradiction of one half of his book than the other half. But to be serious, (however hard it is to be so with Mr. Macaulay when the subject is serious,) in England the Reformation—slowly, we admit, but gradually—brought into the church a class of *gentlemen*—not merely so by birth, for we hold Bishop Taylor—one of "nature's nobles,"—to be as good a gentleman as Bishop Compton—we therefore say of *gentlemen* by education, manners, and sentiments also; and to this happy result we have no doubt that the marriage of the clergy mainly contributed. The higher effects of this great moral and social distinction between the two hierarchies escape Mr. Macaulay; but he is very much alive to the low and ludicrous accidents and exceptions to the general improvement which his favorite "lighter literature" happens to record—not observing that such unseemly circumstances were not occasioned by the Reformation, but by the influences and prejudices of the old system, which long lingered amongst us. His chief illustration of the contemptible state of the Anglican church domestic chaplain is in fact an amplification of the staple and stale jokes of dramatists, novelists, satirists, and all the other classes of "light literature," from the earliest days to our own. Nor is Mr. Macaulay himself at all behind the best—or the worst—of these writers in the zeal and zest that he shows for, as Lord Bolingbroke phrased it, *roasting the parson*, and with, as we shall see, much the same effect—that of burning his own fingers.

The description of the domestic chaplain, for which room has been found in Mr. Macaulay's History of England, is much too long for our Review; but we must give two or three specimens of the instances he produces and the evidence by which he supports them:—

The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he

was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.—i. 327.

We request our reader's notice of every point of this passage, and of the authorities on which it professes to be founded—they are—

Eachard, "Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy;" Oldham, "Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University;" "Tatler," 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low born-class, is remarked in the travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo.—i. 328.

Now it is true that the greater part of this picture is to be found in Eachard, who was a kind of Sidney Smith of that day, and, like our own irreverend friend, used to make himself especially merry with drawing caricatures of his own profession; but unfortunately for Mr. Macaulay, the facetious Eachard happened not to be in *this case* talking of a *person in holy orders at all*. He had been complaining that young men took orders too early, and wishing that, to check the evil, a larger space should elapse between the university and their ordination; but he says, "What can we do with them in the mean time? They may have no means of livelihood, and will be *forced to go upon the parish*. How then shall we dispose of them *till they come to a time of holy ripeness*? Shall we trust them to some good gentleman's house to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they have somewhat better wages than the cook and butler, and that a groom be kept, so that they shall not have to groom a couple of geldings for their ten pounds a year"—nor to undergo some other affronts, exaggerated as usual in Mr. Macaulay's transcription. These poor Levites thus described by Eachard were *not*, we see, in holy orders, but a kind of probationers—nor is it even said that *they* were subjected to these affronts; on the contrary, Eachard bargains that they shall *not* be so. Mr. Macaulay may *infer* that, when they had taken orders, and had become really chaplains, their condition would have been no better. We could not object to his making what inferences he pleases if he would call them *inferences*, but we cannot submit to his palming them off upon us as historical *facts*, and his representing Dr. Eachard as having stated to a chaplain what in fact he had hypothetically, and by way of deprecation, stated of a poor scholar taken charitably into a gentleman's house to keep him "*from the parish*."

So much for the authority of Eachard, the very title of whose little work we may observe by the way that Mr. Macaulay misquotes. Now let us see the share of his other authorities in the portrait. We turn to the satirist Oldham (*circa* 1678)—and there we find the unhappy chaplain endowed with, not *ten* pounds, but

Diet, a horse, and *thirty* pounds a year.

That is—according to Mr. Macaulay's own calculation, when on the topic of official salaries—about 150*l.* of our money. What would this misrepresentation be called in a court of justice?

His last evidence is "The Travels of the Arch-

duke Cosmo, where it is remarked," he says, "that the English clergy are a *low born class*." Again we say that these perpetual sneers, and worse than sneers, at *low birth* come very oddly from Mr. Macaulay, who some pages later thinks it complimentary to Somers to call him "*a low-born young barrister*," (ii. 657,) and that we should not care a fig whether they were founded on fact or not—but we do care very much about ascertaining whether Mr. Macaulay, who arrogates to himself so high a position as judge, is trustworthy as a witness! We have therefore searched the huge volume of the Grand Duke's Travels, (made in 1669 and published in 1821,) and we have not been able to find any such passage, and we have found so many other passages directly contradicting many of Mr. Macaulay's assertions, that the most charitable supposition is that of his having never read the book, and referred to it by mistake.

In like manner he says:—

Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on *divines*.—i. 329.

He does no such thing—indeed, the very reverse. He is dilating on the abuses occasioned by the overthrow of the Established Church:—

All relations were confounded by the several *sects or religions* which discountenanced all forms of reverence and respect as reliques and marks of superstition. Children asked not blessings of their parents, nor did they concern themselves in the education of their children. The young women conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; and they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers or of officers in the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on the *divines of the time*, or other low and unequal matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents, &c.

This we see is complete perversion of the authority: Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the Established Church*, but laments that the overthrow of the church produced such matches with the irregular and sectarian *divines of the time*.

Again; Mr. Macaulay goes on to say—

A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing *special orders* that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress.

See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection.—i. 239.

This is again a misrepresentation, and a bold one. It is well known that Elizabeth retained

strongly the old prejudices which, as we have already said, lingered for a long period after the Reformation against the marriage of the clergy, and this 29th Item of her Injunctions is an equally curious specimen of her style of legislation and of Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. Her majesty says that, though the marriage of the clergy be lawful, yet, to avoid offence and slander to the church from *indiscreet matches*,

it is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire—*nor* without the goodwill of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living—or of two of the next of her kinsfolk—or, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth.

Are these "*special orders* that no clergyman shall presume to marry a *servant girl* without the consent, &c."? The queen ordains that no minister must marry *any manner of woman*, of whatever rank or station, without certain forms and certain consents, and those consents are provided for in certain possible cases—consent of parents, if she have any; if not, of her next of kin, if they can be found; but if she should happen to have neither parents nor next of kin, then of the master and mistress whom she serveth. In making a penal restriction all possible cases are, as far as may be, to be provided for; and if this last category had been omitted, a minister, though restricted from a more respectable connection, might have made with impunity the most *indiscreet* marriage possible. But this is not all. The injunction, instead of being *special* directed against one class of marriages, goes on to forbid the marriage of bishops, or of deans or heads of collegiate houses, without the allowance and approbation of the crown, the archbishop, or the visitor. We ask, then, can this injunction be honestly represented as a *special order*, issued to prohibit, as a prevailing practice, clergymen marrying servant girls? But even if it were so—if Mr. Macaulay's version were the true one—we would ask whether this injunction of Elizabeth, made in 1559, when we had but just emerged from Popery, before more than a few ministers could have been educated in the Anglican faith, can be fairly quoted as in any way characteristic of the clergy of the Church of England *an hundred years later*?

He pursues the game with wonderful keenness, and cites, among others, the grave authorities of

Roger and Abigail, in Fletcher's "*Scornful Lady*;" Bull and the Nurse, in Vanbrugh's "*Relapse*;" Smirk and Susan, in Shadwell's "*Lancashire Witches*."—i. 329.

—and finally, Dean Swift's "*Advice to Servants*." The quotation of Swift's Advice, as an historical authority, is of itself droll enough; but why does Mr. Macaulay conceal that the same authority tells us that, as the *chaplain* was to be rewarded

with the *Abigail*, the gentleman's "valet" was to have a *commission in the army*," and the *footman* was to marry my lord's widow? Would Mr. Macaulay quote these exaggerated pleasantries as a proof of the general degradation of the army or the peerage in the reign of Charles II., or even of George II.? Why, then, of the clergy? We confess our only wonder is, that when he was ransacking his "lighter literature," from Elizabeth to the Georges—nay, that even in graver literature—he was not able to produce an hundred *exceptional* cases, which, paraded after his usual fashion as specimens of general manners, might have given some color to his imputations. But the truth is, the whole amount of testimony, light as well as grave, runs the other way; and the amiable and respectable picture which Addison (though not unwilling to banter him a little) draws of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, must be in the memory of most readers as a contradiction of Mr. Macaulay's sweeping imputations.

But sometimes this hostility to the church takes the more artful course of praising a few to throw a deeper shade over the rest. He could not conceal from himself the force of the question that would occur to every one—how is it that a church so low in station, education, accomplishments, and character, should yet have produced so many men of such merit as could be neither denied nor concealed? This difficulty is met by an ingenious theory. All the respectability of the profession was collected in London and the Universities, while the ignorance and apathy of the country clergy kept the brutality of the landed gentry in countenance. After having passed through the humbling ordeal of the chaplainship as we have described, and entitled himself to a living by an infamous marriage, his state was this:—

Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain his daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the adownson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation.—i. 330.

And for all this labored caricature we see no authority but a few words of Eachard's raillery, or, we might rather say, buffoonery; while, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is so good as to admit that many eminent men were to be found in the universities and cathedrals, and still more in London:—

The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished

men, from among whom were selected a large proportion of the rulers of the church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles', Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles' in the Fields, Tension at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops.—i. 331.

Yes, but he might have added that every one of these twelve men happened to begin his clerical career either in the disgraced class of chaplain or the degraded one of country parson—that the least respectable in the list was the only one, we believe, that had not served a country cure—and that they were neither more nobly born nor better educated than the mass of their less distinguished brethren. It is a new kind of objection to the church of that or any age, that its highest merits should be rewarded by the most conspicuous and honorable places. So that, even from his own special jury of twelve, we have a verdict against him. But were there no eminent men in the church during that period, but these twelve London preachers? Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and an hundred others might be named, who all were or had been country incumbents, who were most of them equal, and some much superior, to any of Mr. Macaulay's list—and, let us add, the great majority of whose writings were penned in rural parsonages; but they would not have helped Mr. Macaulay's antithesis of town and country. We needed not his sagacity to discover that the opportunities afforded by the libraries and literary intercourse of the capital and universities encourage and facilitate literary pursuits, and that a town clergy must have wider opportunities of cultivation and distinction. It is so at this day—it was much more so two hundred years ago; but can it be supposed that then, any more than now, the absence of such literary facilities was to deprive the country clergy of manners, morals, and decency, and render them utterly incapable and careless of any of the Christian duties of their station?

Mr. Macaulay never misses an opportunity of any sly insult or calumny by which he can degrade the church. On the Restoration, we are told,

The restored church contended, indeed, against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children. But her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her *whole soul* was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.—i. 180.

Her *whole soul*!—though every one, we believe, of the illustrious men just named was either already

in the church or preparing then for the holy ministry!

Again—when the king went to the playhouse, where the “ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherly” happened to be played, Mr. Macaulay sees him there in the character of “*the head of the church.*” (i. 181.) Is it as *heads of the church* that all the kings and queens of England, even to the days in which Mr. Macaulay was adviser at court, have visited the theatre or the opera?

Of Hyde, Earl of Rochester, he says—

He was accounted a dogged and rancorous party man—a cavalier of the old school—a zealous champion of the crown and the church, and a hater of republicans and nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The clergy especially looked on him as *their own man*, and extended to his foibles an indulgence, of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need; for he drank deep, and when he was in a rage—and he was often in a rage—he swore like a porter.—i. 254.

The foundation of this is Roger North, who happened to have a personal pique against Rochester, and whose prejudices both Mackintosh and Macaulay implicitly adopt when it suits them, and reject when it does not. No doubt, Rochester was not exempt from the ill habits of his day—habits that lasted for many generations later, nay, almost to our own; and if we had space and time we could produce sufficient evidence to show that Lord Rochester had as little as any, and less than most of his contemporaries, of the coarse manners of the age. Mackintosh—whose censures Mr. Macaulay always copies and exaggerates, while he omits any more lenient judgment on a tory—Mackintosh treats Rochester with a little more candor. “He was deemed sincere and upright, and his private life was not stained by any vice except violent paroxysms of anger and an excessive indulgence in wine, *then scarcely deemed a fault.*” (Mack. vii.) The concluding alleviation Mr. Macaulay omits, and has perverted—without any authority that we can discover, and he himself gives none—North’s simple statement that “he had the honor to be accounted the head of the Church of England party,” into his being “*a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked on as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing.*”

In the same spirit are Mr. Macaulay’s long and elaborate libels on the gentry of England, and especially of the class of country gentlemen. We wish our space allowed us to expose all the details of this monstrous misrepresentation, which is one of the most displeasing features of the whole work. We must content ourselves with an epitome, which after all will perhaps more than satiate our readers.

We have again to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems to think there is no better way to make either clergy or laity contemptible than to call them *poor* :—

A country gentleman, who witnessed the Revolu-

tion, was probably in receipt of a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate.—i. 319.

Because the nominal income of the squire’s estate was about one fourth of what it produces to his descendant in our time, he was *therefore* a *poor man*—though Mr. Macaulay had, a few pages earlier, told us, from the examples of peers, bishops, baronets, lawyers, and placemen, all minutely stated, that a *fourth or fifth part* of the present rate of income would have been equivalent at that day; so that by his own calculation the country gentleman was, comparatively, somewhat richer instead of poorer than his posterity. For this contradiction he had a design both ways: he wished, in the first case, to exaggerate the prodigality of the court; and, in the latter, to lower the rank and consideration of the country gentleman; and he never permits even a regard for his own consistency to prevent his making what is vulgarly called a *hit* :—

It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires, whose names were in King Charles’ commissions of peace and lieutenantancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.—i. 319.

What then? Might not the same thing have been said in the reign of George III., 150 years later? But did it follow that they were, therefore, such brutes as the succeeding paragraphs describe :—

He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire.—i. 320.

Is that not so now? Has Mr. Macaulay never heard of one Mr. Burke, or of one Lord Advocate Dundas? Had he never heard Mr. Grattan? Has he never read that one Earl of Rosslyn, alias Alexander Wedderburn, was the first Scotchman who was ever supposed to have quite overcome his native accent, and that even in the present century he was thought to have relapsed into his original Doric? Are there not a couple of hundred members of the present house of commons distinguishable by some peculiarity of accent?

But the personal tastes of the country gentleman were worse even than his jargon :—

He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door.—i. 320.

And this is said of a time when Longleat—"then," says Mr. Macaulay, in another place, (i. 576,) "and perhaps still, the most magnificent country house in England"—was that of a private country gentleman—when Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors. Would he have us believe that the taste of this higher class of gentry did not proportionably influence the whole class? Even one of Mr. Macaulay's own authorities, the "Travels of the Grand Duke," might have given him higher notions of the residences and manners of the gentry (we say nothing of the nobility) whose houses he visited. Even down in Devon and Dorsetshire, so far from seeing nothing but *cabbages, litter, and deformity* about the gentleman's house, the writer describes their pleasure-gardens just as he might to-day, and even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument the rolling-stone, "by which the walks of sand and smooth grassplats, covered with the greenest turf," were kept in an order that surprised even the owner of the splendid villas of Tuscany! We quote this because it is an authority quoted by Mr. Macaulay himself; but every reader knows that we could produce from our general literature, from Lord Bacon to Pope, descriptions of the "trim gardens" in which the Englishman was wont "to take his pleasure," and which it was his peculiar pride to dress and adorn. As to the interior of the residences and modes of life, they were, no doubt, less polished than in our day, though in some respects more stately and costly; and they were, we have every reason to believe, far in advance of the gentry of any other nation. In M. de Châteaubriand's *Memoirs*, just published, we have an account of the paternal castle of Combourg, where he was brought up—the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, mentioned by Madame de Sévigné as a distinguished château. Even so late as the reign of Louis XVI., about the year 1780, the household furniture, and the modes of life of the inhabitants of the château, were such as an English gentleman, even of the times of Charles II., would have been ashamed of. Fashions change—we have boules and gildings and glasses; our ancestors had tapestry, ebony, and oak, enriched with those admirable carvings on their furniture and wainscots which Mr. Macaulay would have had painted, and which, after being long put out of sight, are now again appearing as the ornaments of our halls and drawing-rooms.

The country gentleman—"the English esquire"—was not only thus gross, vulgar, and poor, but he was of a sottish ignorance:—

He was coarse and ignorant.—i. 327. He had received an education differing little from that of his menial servants.—i. 219. His ignorance, his uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian.—i. 322. He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time.—i. 321.

But against these defects Mr. Macaulay's candor sets off the following *merits*:—

He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy.—i. 221. He was essentially a patrician.—i. 323. He was a magistrate, and administered gratuitously a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and occasional acts of tyranny, was better than no justice at all.—i. 322. He was an officer of the trainbands.—*Ib.* One had been knighted after the battle of Edgehill.—*Ib.* Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby.—*Ib.*

The degree and kind of merit thus accorded by Mr. Macaulay's impartiality is even more insulting than the original charges—his abuse is bad enough, but his compliments are worse. And as a set-off against the general want of education he sneeringly adds—

He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be great-grandsons of aldermen.—i. 322.

There was not one of these "unlettered" country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had, or could ever have, arisen among private English gentlemen.

We have a very different estimate of the character of the English gentry in a contemporary work, greatly, as we think, over-applauded by Mr. Macaulay himself—Sprat's "History of the Royal Society," first published about 1667. In recommending to the country gentleman the cultivation of the arts of peace, he affords us a fair estimate of what must have been the intellectual and social condition of the class (p. 405.) And finally, instead of their despising trade and, according to Mr. Macaulay, (i. 322,) thinking it a disgrace to be the great-grandson of an alderman, Sprat says—

The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved—whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education. Now their conversation is more large and general—now the world is become more active and industrious—now more of them have seen the rise and manners of men, and more apply themselves to *traffic and business* than ever.—p. 407.

We wish we had space for more of Sprat—whose readers, we are sure, will all agree with us, that Mr. Macaulay's description of the country gentleman of the reign of Charles II. is a gross caricature.

Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the ladies of that age is what might be expected. They were, of course, mere animals—*les femelles de ces mâles*:—

His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to *cook the repast*, * * * * * were in *tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or still-room maid of the present day*. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured marygolds, and made the crust for the venison-pasty.—i. 321.

He describes the literature of the lady of the

manor and her daughters as limited to "the prayer-book and the receipt-book." "Never," he says, "was female education at so low an ebb. At an early period they had studied the masterpieces of ancient genius—in later times they knew French, Italian, and German"—

But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue *without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit.*—i. 394.

This is really very poor criticism. English orthography was not settled for years after this period—the orthography of our greatest poets, Shakspeare, Milton and Dryden, was irregular even in their printed editions. We have before us the edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1668, with specimens of misspelling not merely unsettled but grotesque. The great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Macaulay is glad to tell us, "could not spell the commonest words"—Napoleon was still worse. Let any one turn to any collection of *original* letters of that period, and he will see that the best educated persons spelled very ill. The worst orthography, if we may so call it, in Ellis' last letters, is that of two learned bishops. What, therefore, does that prove against the sound education of the ladies in an age that produced Lady Russell, (whose admirable letters are very ill-spelled,*) Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Godolphin, and so many other ladies of whose accomplishments we have evidence sufficient though less conspicuous! Lady Clarendon, for instance, (who was a Miss Backhouse, a private gentleman's daughter,) complains in 1685, in a lively strain, of "the many female pens at work, manufacturing news in Dublin, to be sent to London and returned again with interest"—

I begin to think our *forefathers* very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever *learned Latin* if I had not forgotten it.—*Clar. Cor.*, i. 305.

Here, then is a lady who not only knew Latin, but testifies that even the art of writing was not imparted to ladies of the earlier period—the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's assertion.

Mr. Macaulay luxuriates in this graphic debasement of the old English character; but when we with some impatience looked for his authorities we found only this note:—

My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have stud-

ied the history and the lighter literature of that age.—i. 324.

We honestly confess that we do not know in what trustworthy literature of that age we are to look for the originals of these pictures. Addison's charming caricatures of the tory fox-hunter, Will Wimble, or Sir Roger de Coverley, of a little later date, afford no color for supposing that they or their fathers were "compounds of ignorance and uncouthness, low tastes, and gross phrases" (i. 332;) Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins are to be found even in the Georgian æra, and are no more authority for the manners of the gentry of that day than Doctor Pangloss would be of Mr. Macaulay. We disbelieve that in any literature, grave or light, Mr. Macaulay can produce any authority for the details of his picture of that class at that time. He appeals to the judgment of his readers; and we answer him that, to the best of our judgment he has been here romancing as extravagantly as any of the novelists.

We know very well that country-gentlemen of old farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the management of their estates, and that ladies were more engaged in works of domestic utility, than in later times. Necessaries of all kinds, both for the farm and the mansion, were then made at home which are now supplied by the great manufacturers—the modes and habits of life have gradually changed—but we cannot believe that the *gentry* of England have been at any period disproportionably debased below their natural place in the scale of society. When Mr. Macaulay adopts from Roger North an almost incredible description of the magnificence of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton—exceeding by fourfold what any duke in England now does on, according to Mr. Macaulay's calculation, fourfold the income—how, we say, can he hope to persuade us that the nobility and gentry in general did not show in their respective degrees something of the same style?—or that Lady Clarendon and the other illustrious ladies we have named, and their daughters, friends, and associates, were *lower* in education or manners than the "*housekeepers and still-room-maids of the present day*?"

But what, our readers will naturally ask—what can be Mr. Macaulay's object in thus laboriously calumniating that class of his countrymen of which England has hitherto been proudest? He has, we conjecture, yielded to a threefold temptation: first, that turn of mind of which we have seen so many proofs, for seeking "*in the heresies of paradox*" that novelty and effect which sober truth and plain common sense do not afford; secondly, the desire of enlivening his romance with picturesque and even grotesque scenes, exaggerated incidents, and overdrawn characters; but the third and most active of all is revealed to us towards the close of the tirade we are now examining—

* The amiable author of a *Life of Lady Russell*, herself a lady of exquisite literary taste, confesses "the many grammatical errors and often defective orthography" of Lady Russell's Letters.—[*Miss Berry's*] *Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.

The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a TORY.—i. 323.

It is a curious and, to persons of our opinions, not unsatisfactory circumstance, that, though Mr. Macaulay almost invariably applies the term *tory* in an opprobrious or contemptuous sense, yet so great is the power of truth in surmounting the fantastical colors laid over it by this brilliant *badigeonneur*, that on the whole no one, we believe, can rise from the work without a conviction that the tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*; and it is this fact that in several instances and circumstances imprints, as it were by force, upon Mr. Macaulay's pages an air of impartiality and candor very discordant from their general spirit.

We are now arrived at the fourth chapter—really the first, strictly speaking, of Mr. Macaulay's history—the accession of James II., where also Sir James Mackintosh's history commences. And here we have to open to our readers the most extraordinary instance of *parallelism* between two writers, unacknowledged by the later one, which we have ever seen. Sir James Mackintosh left behind him a history of the Revolution, which was published in 1834, three years after his death, in quarto; it comes down to the Orange invasion, and, though it apparently had not received the author's last corrections, and was clumsily edited, and tagged with a continuation by a less able hand, the work is altogether (bating not a little ultra-whiggery) very creditable to Mackintosh's diligence, taste, and power of writing; it is, indeed, we think, his best and most important work, and that by which he will be most favorably known to posterity. From that work Mr. Macaulay has borrowed largely—prodigally—helped himself with both hands—not merely without acknowledging his obligation, but without so much as alluding to the existence of any such work. Nay—though this we are sure was never designed—he inserts a note full of kindness and respect to Sir James Mackintosh, which would naturally lead the uninformed reader to conclude that Sir James Mackintosh, though he had *meditated* such a work, had never even begun writing it. On the 391st page of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, at the mention of the old news-letters which preceded our modern newspapers, Mr. Macaulay says, that “they form a valuable part of the literary treasures collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh;” and to this he adds the following foot-note:—

I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honored friend, Sir James Mackintosh, for confiding to me the materials collected by him at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass, so noble a collection of extracts from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir

James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable and rejected what was worthless, can be fully appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine.—i. 391.

Could any one imagine from this that Mackintosh had not only *meditated* a work, but actually written, and that his friends had published, a large closely printed quarto volume, on the same subject, from the same materials, and sometimes in the very same words as Mr. Macaulay's!

The coincidence—the identity, we might almost say—of the two works is so great, that, while we have been comparing them, we have often been hardly able to distinguish which was which. We rest little on the similarity of facts, for the facts were ready made for both; and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he worked from Mackintosh's materials; there would, therefore, even if he had never seen Mackintosh's work, be a community of topics and authorities; but, seeing as we do in every page that he was writing with Mackintosh's volume before his eyes, we cannot account for his utter silence about it. To exhibit the complete resemblance we should have to copy the two works *in extenso*; but we shall select a few passages in which we think it is evident beyond all doubt that, although Mr. Macaulay seems to take pains to vary the expression and precise words of Mackintosh, he is not successful in concealing the substantial imitation, not in phrases only, which are occasionally identical, but in the general tone, feeling, and train of thought, which could not possibly have occurred fortuitously or spontaneously to two different minds. We happen to open the book at one of the most important and elaborate episodes in the whole history—the proceedings and prosecution of the seven bishops; and there we find, on the subject of James' celebrated declaration for liberty of conscience, which the bishops resisted, not only as an inroad on the law, but as an insult to the church:—

MACKINTOSH.

So strongly did the belief that insult was intended prevail, that Petre, to whom the insulting order was chiefly ascribed, was said to have declared it in the gross and contumelious language used of old by a barbarous invader to the deputies of a besieged city—that they should eat their own dung. . . . The words of Rabshekah the Assyrian to the officers of Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii.—p. 242.

MACAULAY.

It will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the rhetoric of the East. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt.—ii. 345.

And again, in the next stage of this proceeding:—

MACKINTOSH.*

They (the prelates) must have been still more taken by surprise than the moderate ministers, and in that age of slow conveyance and rare publication, they were

MACAULAY.

It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. . . . The order in council was gazetted on the 7th of May. On the 20th

* In one or two instances we have been obliged to invert the order of paragraphs to bring them into a synopsis—as in this extract, of which the last paragraph precedes the former in the original—but neither word nor meaning is ever altered.

allowed only sixteen days from the order and thirteen from its publication to ascertain the sentiments of their brethren and of their clergy. Resistance could only be formidable if it were general. Their difficulties were increased by the character of the most distinguished laymen whom it was fit to consult. Both Nottingham, the chief of their party, and Halifax, with whom they were now compelled to coalesce, hesitated at the moment of decision.—p. 244.

the declaration was to be read in all the pulpits of London and the neighborhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. . . . If, indeed, the whole body offered an united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. . . . The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused; for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence were disposed to recommend submission. . . . Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham.—ii. 346.

Again:—Mackintosh prides himself in being able to produce "the name hitherto unknown" of Robert Fowler, (then incumbent of a London parish, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester,) who, at a private meeting of the London clergy, boldly took the lead, and decided his wavering brethren to resist James' mandate. Mr. Macaulay corrects the Christian name—*Edward* for Robert—and adds the name of the London parish, Cripplegate (whether from the Mackintosh papers or not we cannot tell;) but in all the numerous details of the facts he implicitly follows Mackintosh's book, without ever alluding to it; and this is the more curious, because, repeating Mackintosh's reference to Johnstone's MS., (which of course is the common authority,) he adds that "this meeting of the clergy is mentioned in a satirical poem of the day." Surely Mackintosh, priding himself on having been the first to reveal the "fortunate virtue" of Fowler, was more entitled to a marginal mention than some anonymous libel of the day.

On the first liberation of the bishops, the people, mistaking it for a final acquittal, expressed their joy:—

MACKINTOSH.

Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court, and were repeated all around at the moment of enlargement. The bells of the Abbey church had begun to ring a joyful peal when they were stopped by Sprat amidst the execrations of the people. As they left the court they were surrounded by thousands who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the park to escape.—p. 264.

MACAULAY.

Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd [Bishop of Saint Asaph's] was detained in the Palace-yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, till Clarendon, with some difficulty, rescued him and conveyed him home by a bye-path.—ii. 369.

In the progress of the trial itself there was a great incident. The proof of the delivery of the bishops' remonstrance into the king's hand was wanting. After a long and feverish delay the crown counsel determined to prove it by Sunderland, lord president, and prime minister, a recent apostate and a traitor to all sides:—

MACKINTOSH.

At length Sunderland was carried through Westminster Hall in a chair, of which the head was down. No one saluted him. The multitude booed and hissed, and cried out "Popish dog!" He was so disordered by this reception that when he came into court he changed color, and looked down as if fearful of the countenance of his ancient friends. He proved that the Bishops came to him with a petition for the King and that he introduced them immediately to the King.

MACAULAY.

Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out "Popish dog." He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the King, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose.—ii. 382.

Mr. Macaulay to this part of his narrative has added this reference:—

See "Proceedings in the Collection of State Trials." I have also taken some *touches* from Johnstone and some from Citters.

We think he might have added, "*and something more than touches from Mackintosh,*" who, besides introducing him to Johnstone and Citters, had already, as we see, made some extracts ready to his hand.

Henry Lord Clarendon, in relating the public acclamations on the acquittal of the bishops, says—

That thereupon there was a most wonderful shout, that *one would have thought* the hall had cracked.—*Diary*, vol. ii., p. 179.

Mackintosh carries the metaphor a little further: he describes

A shout of joy which sounded *like a crack* of the *ancient and massy roof* of Westminster.—p. 275.

But still it is only a metaphor. Mr. Macaulay must be more precise and particular, and, discarding the metaphor, gives as an architectural *fact* what would indeed deserve Lord Clarendon's epithet of "most wonderful"—

Ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied [to the shout that arose in the Court itself] with a still louder shout, which made the *old oaken roof* to crack.

Can any one doubt that Mr. Macaulay was copying, not the original passage, but Mackintosh, just substituting *old* and *oaken* for *ancient* and *massive*?

We could fill our number with similar, and some stronger but longer, parallelisms between Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay; but it is not by insulated passages that we should wish the resemblance to be tested, but by the scope and topics of the entire works, and sometimes the identity of subjects not directly connected with the historical events, and which it is hardly possible to suppose

to have spontaneously occurred to Mr. Macaulay. See for instance Sir James' clever account of the Order of Jesus, a complete *hors d'œuvre*, having no nearer connection with the story than that father Petre happened to be a Jesuit—but of this episode we find in Mr. Macaulay an equally careful *pendant*, including all the same topics which Mackintosh had already elaborated.

We are tempted to add one other circumstance. Both the historians relate that Sunderland had a scheme for securing a majority in the house of lords by calling up the eldest sons of some friendly lords and conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish peers:—

MACKINTOSH.

He was so enamored of this plan, that in a numerous company where the resistance of the Upper House was said to be formidable, he cried out to Lord Churchill, "O silly! Why, your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."

MACAULAY.

But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When in a large company an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, "Oh, silly," cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill; "your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."—ii. 317.

We do not quote this as an instance of suspicious identity, for both copied the same authority; but to express our doubt of the anecdote itself, which is given in one of Lord Dartmouth's notes to Burnet, as *told* to him by Lord Bradford. We doubt because the story, incredible enough *in toto*, (unless the words were spoken at a different time and in some occasional allusion,) is wholly at variance with the purpose in support of which it is adduced; for on an occasion in which the king and Sunderland were anxious to increase their majority in the house of lords by calling on those who were afterwards to sit there, and thus avoiding the abuse and degradation of that high honor, it would have been an absolute contradiction to talk of overwhelming the peerage with a troop of horse guards. Of the less violent proceeding—which is all that we can believe to have been really for a moment contemplated even by such a bigot as James and such a knave as Sunderland—Mackintosh slyly takes occasion to remind his readers that twenty-five years afterwards another ministry did something of the same kind—meaning Queen Anne's creation of twelve tory peers in 1711. Mr. Macaulay does not follow his leader in this tempting sneer at the tories—he never before, we believe, abstained from anything like a savory sarcasm—but here he was muzzled. He could not forget that that administration which raised him to political eminence, and of which he was in return the most brilliant meteor, swamped the house of lords by creations more extravagant than Sunderland ventured to dream of, and ten times more numerous than Harley had the courage to make. We cannot forget, nor does Mr. Macaulay—and that remembrance for once silences his hatred of the tories—that the Reform Bill was forced upon the house of lords by the menace of marching into it rather more than the complement

of Churchill's troop of Horse Guards—eighty, or, as was added, "as many more as may be necessary"—and that in point of fact the Grey and Melbourne administrations increased the house of lords by *eighty-nine peerages*, besides *twenty* promotions. When future historians come to explore the despatches of Baron Falke or Prince Lieven, as we now do those of Barillon and Citters, we suspect that Mr. Macaulay and his friends will have need of a more indulgent appreciation of political difficulties and ministerial necessities than he is willing to concede towards others.

Perplexing as Mr. Macaulay's conduct towards Mackintosh is on the face of these volumes, it becomes still more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Macaulay published in the Edinburgh Review of July, 1835, and republished in his Essays, a most laudatory review of this very "History of the Revolution by Sir James Mackintosh," to which now, while making, as it seems, such ample use of it, he does not condescend to allude. We conclude that Mr. Macaulay has somehow persuaded himself that that article relieved him from the necessity of any mention of Mackintosh's History in the pages of his own great and solid literary work. But we cannot imagine how; and we shall be curious to see what explanation can be given of this, as it appears to us, extraordinary enigma.

We need not endeavor to account for the hostility with which Mr. Macaulay seems to pursue several individual characters when they are tories—*causa patet*—but he assails with equal enmity some whigs, for his aversion to whom we can see no other motive than that they have been hitherto called illustrious, and by all former writers supposed to have done honor to their country. It seems to be the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's temper *προς παντα λακτιζειν*, to praise only where others have blamed, and to blame only where others have praised. This, we suppose, will give him the character of originality—it is certainly the only substantial originality in the work. From many examples of this original spirit we will select one—the most eminent "as a *prodigy of turpitude*"—one that will be at once admitted to be the most conspicuous, and therefore the fairest that we could select as a specimen—the great Duke of Marlborough. Him Mr. Macaulay pursues through his whole history with more than the ferocity and much less than the sagacity of the blood-hound. He commences this persecution even with the duke's father, who, he tells us, was—

a poor cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs.—i. 459.

This last, we admit, must be a serious offence in the nostrils of Mr. Macaulay—a friend to the monarchy! But though he thus confidently consigns Sir Winston Churchill to every species of

contempt, the learned historian shows that he knows but little about him. He was not a *baronet*—a trivial mistake as to an ordinary Sir John or Sir James, but of some importance when made by an ultra-critical historian concerning so immediate an ancestor of the great houses of Marlborough and Spenser, Godolphin and Montagu. He was poor, it seems—a singular reproach, as we have been twice before obliged to observe, from the democratic pen of Mr. Macaulay. We, Tories and aristocrats as we may be thought, should never have taken the humble beginnings of a great man as a topic of contemptuous reproach! but even here Mr. Macaulay overruns his game, for if the Churchills were poor, it was from the confiscations of republican tyranny. In the "*Catalogue of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen that have compounded for their Estates*," printed in 1655, three years before Cromwell's death, we find about 2650 names of plundered royalists, of whom the *fourth* in amount of composition of the untitled gentlemen of England is Mr. Churchill; and of the whole catalogue, including lords and baronets, he stands the *twenty-eighth*, and ahead of the Lowthers of Lowther, the Whartons of Yorkshire, the Watsons of Rockingham, the Thynns of Longleat, and a hundred others of the most opulent families in England. As to his book, we were not surprised that Mr. Macaulay should consider as *ridiculous*, a work which Coxe characterizes as exactly the opposite of Mr. Macaulay's own—a *political history, accurate in dates and figures, and of more research than amusement*! And we have a word more to say for Churchill. Mr. Macaulay celebrates the institution in 1660 of "the Royal Society destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms" in science. Of this respectable society this *poor ridiculous baronet* was one of the founders!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to relate a singular passage, strangely exaggerated and misrepresented from one of Lord Dartmouth's notes on Burnet, in the early career of the duke, when he had no fortune but his good looks and sword;—and assumes, because the necessitous ensign purchased an annuity with 5000*l.* given him by the Duchess of Cleveland, whose honor, such as it was, he had screened on a very critical occasion, that this probably solitary instance of extreme lavishness on one side and prudence on the other was of daily occurrence, and part and parcel of his habitual life, and that he was "thrifty even in his vices," and by rule and habit "a levier of contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers."

Again, Marlborough was so early a miser that—

Already his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces which fifty years later remained untouched.—i. 461.

The authority referred to for this statement is an anecdote told by Pope, who mortally hated Marlborough, to Spence—

One day, as the duke was looking over some pa-

pers in his *scrutoire*, he opened one of the little drawers and took out a green purse and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that was very visible in his face: "Cadogan," says he, "observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 't is the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken to this day."—*Spence*, 162.

But this story, supposing it to have been exactly told, retold, and written, would, as a mere proof of avarice, defeat itself, for Pope reproaches Marlborough with the care with which he used to put out his money *to interest*, and if Lord Cadogan had thought it a meanness he never would have repeated it.

That Marlborough loved gold too well for his great glory we do not deny; but surely Mr. Macaulay might have drawn a somewhat higher inference out of this particular incident. We cannot think these "forty" coins were hoarded up from their metallic value; they were probably kept for some different reason—perhaps as precious relics and remembrances of the beginning of independence. Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom, to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honorable thrift an honorable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition. But even if the duke had kept the pieces from the meanest motive, how would that justify Mr. Macaulay's exaggeration that already (*i. e.* 1670, *atal.* 20) his *private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces*?

We have entered into this matter at a length that may appear disproportionate; but wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, we think we could not do better than by such a prominent example. It cannot be said that we have dwelt on petty mistakes about poor persons when we expose the art by which Mr. Macaulay, on the single defect (if it can be called one) of economy in so great a character, raises such a superstructure of the most *sordid vices*. How much not only more noble but more just towards the duke was Lord Bolingbroke, his personal and political enemy. "A certain parasite," says Warton, "who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough was stopped short by that lord, who said, 'He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice.'"

Having thus shown Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with what forms the chief and most characteristic feature of his book—its anecdotal gos-

sip—we shall now endeavor to exhibit the deceptive style in which he treats the larger historical facts; in truth the style is the same—a general and unhesitating sacrifice of accuracy and reality to picturesque effect and party prejudices. He treats historical personages as the painter does his *layman*—a supple figure which he models into what he thinks the most striking attitude, and dresses up with the gaudiest colors and most fantastical draperies.

It is very difficult to condense into any manageable space the proofs of a general system of accumulating and aggravating all that was ever, whether truly or falsely, reproached to the tories, and alleviating towards the whigs the charges which he cannot venture to deny or even to question. The mode in which this is managed so as to keep up some show of impartiality is very dexterous. The reproach, well or ill founded, which he thinks most likely to damage the character of any one he dislikes, is repeated over and over again in hope that the iteration will at last be taken for proof, such as the perfidy of Charles I., the profligacy and selfishness of Charles II., the cold and cruel stupidity of James, the baseness of Churchill, the indecent violence of Rochester, the contemptible subserviency of his brother, Clarendon, and so on through a whole dictionary of abuse on every one whom he takes or mistakes for a tory, and on a few whigs whom for some special reasons of his own he treats like tories. On the other hand, when he finds himself reluctantly forced to acknowledge even the greatest enormity of the whigs—corruption—treason—murder—he finds much gentler terms for the facts; selects a scapegoat, some subaltern villain, or some one whom history has already gibbeted, “to bear upon him all their iniquities,” and that painful sacrifice once made, he avoids with tender care a recurrence to so disagreeable a subject. Dalrymple had astonished the world by discovering in the French archives that those illustrious whigs, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and their fellows, who had been for near a century extolled as the purest patriots our country had ever produced, were the secret agents of the King of France, employed by him to thwart, perplex, and weaken the government, and, by their treasonable intrigues, under the pretence of a parliamentary opposition, place the king and the nation in such difficulties as should disable them from impeding the ambitious and oppressive projects of Louis, and what was still more astounding and humiliating, that these great patriots were not only thus conspiring against the honor and safety of their country, but that they were doing so for bribes. We know not to what extent this shameful traffic may have gone, but we know certainly but a comparatively small portion of it. Dalrymple says, that, “although the French ambassadors’ despatches in the *dépôt* at Versailles mention several accounts of moneys laid out by them for political purposes in England between the years 1677 and 1681, yet he finds only three of them.” The first of these is an imperfect and undated note of

some payments from 20*l.* up to 1000 guineas made to some of the less illustrious knaves. The second and third are more precise and important.

In the year 1679 Barillon, the French ambassador, paid the following persons the following sums:—

The Duke of Buckingham,	1000 guineas
Algernon Sidney!	500 “
Mr. Bulstrode, (envoy at Brussels,)	400 “
Sir John Baber, (leader of the Presbyterian party,)*	500 “
Mr. Lyttleton, (M. P.,)	500 “
Mr. Powle, (M. P.,)	500 “
Mr. Harbord, (M. P.,)	500 “
Dal. i. 381.	

The third account for a subsequent payment runs thus:—

Harbord, (M. P.,)	500 guineas
Hampden, (M. P.,)	500 “
Colonel Titus, (M. P.,)	500 “
Sir Thomas Armstrong, (executed for the Rye House plot,)	500 “
Bennett, (secretary to Shaftesbury,)	300 “
Hotham, (M. P.,)	300 “
Harley, (M. P.,)	300 “
Sacheverell, (M. P.,)	300 “
Foley, (M. P.,)	300 “
Ride—very rich and in great credit,	400 “
Algernon Sidney,	500 “
Herbert, (M. P.,)	500 “
Sir John Baber,	500 “
Hill, (M. P. ?) one of Cromwell's officers,	500 “
Boscawen, (M. P.,)	500 “

“The names,” adds Dalrymple, (i. 383,) “of almost all the above persons are to be found in the journals of the house of commons as active persons of that time.” We have added M. P. where it is known or supposed that the person meant was a member of the house of commons. Lord Russell's name does not appear in these disgraceful lists, but he was the leader, or more truly, we believe, the tool, of this corrupt junto—most of them being concerned in the Rye House plot. Now let us see how the historian, who is so justly indignant at the pecuniary dealing of Charles and James with France, treats these still more vile transactions:—

Communications were opened between Barillon, the ambassador of Lewis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who, indeed, sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. This was the whole extent of Russell's offence. His principles and his fortunes alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind; but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country. On the contrary, they meant to serve her; but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and *indelicat* enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual

* Sir John Baber was a man of finesse, in possession of the protectorship at court of the dissenting teachers.—North's *Examen*. See Dalrymple, i. 383.

faults, has a just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sidney.—i. 228, 9.

We will not question the very modest praise that Mr. Macaulay gives Lord Russell of being the most upright of such a party—but when, after having seen even what we have seen of Barillon's despatches, he talks of "the virtue and pride of Algernon Sidney,"—"the hero, philosopher, and patriot"—we wonder that he had not a word of extenuation for the infinitely less disgraceful, and in every view more venial, errors and frailties of so many others whom he has so unmercifully arraigned. But after thus dismissing Lord Russell's treason and Algernon Sidney's corruption with a censure so gentle as to sound like applause, he never again, we believe, takes the least notice of that affair, and Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney resume their full lustre of patriotism and purity. Let us now see how he manages to find a scapegoat for his illustrious friends. In this general intrigue there were, of course, separate objects and schemes. One of them is important to our present inquiry. The first minister at that day was Lord Treasurer Danby. He was supposed to be hostile to the projects of France; but he had reluctantly taken a part in a negotiation on the part of Charles with Louis for a subsidy of 300,000*l*. This negotiation had been carried on through Ralph Montague, then our ambassador at Paris. Montague and Danby quarrelled; and Louis, to get rid of Danby, whose spirit would not brook subserviency to French politics, instigated Montague to "ruin" the lord treasurer by divulging this negotiation, which Montague did in the house of commons, and, being warmly supported by the French paid patriots, an impeachment was voted and Danby "ruined." For this service Montague stipulated "for 100,000 livres to make sure of seven or eight of the principal persons in the lower house who may support the accusation as soon as it is begun;" and for 100,000 crowns, or 40,000 livres a year, to indemnify himself "for his risk and the loss of place that must follow." (*Barillon to Louis*, 24 Oct., 1678.) These seven or eight members were probably those mentioned in the foregoing list, and there seems reason to suspect that the sums there mentioned were only instalments of their bribes paid on this account. Algernon Sidney was a principal agent in all these transactions, and his 500 guineas seems to have been an annual pension. Dalrymple pleases himself with the idea that Louis cheated the traitor, and that Montague only pocketed 50,000 crowns; certain it is that he grievously complains of the delay in receiving the money, and describes his patriotic friends as very urgent to receive the balance of their infamous

wages. The whole transaction is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of corruption and impudence. Danby impeached, and very likely (if an accident had not intervened) to have been brought to the block for negotiating with the King of France by the King of England's order a subsidy in which Danby himself had no personal interest—by patriots who were personally pensioned and hired by the same French king to prefer the charge. Now hear Mr. Macaulay. He does Danby a kind of justice, partly, perhaps, because Danby was afterwards a revolutionist, but chiefly, we suspect, because he is unwilling to awaken debate on a topic odious to him, because disgraceful to the whigs.

The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Lewis, by the instrumentality of *Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man* who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the house of commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of Parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwilling and unserviceable accomplice.—i. 332.

No mention here of Russell or Sidney, nor anywhere of Powle and the rest!—all the blame laid on Montague; who Mr. Macaulay omits to tell us was the brother-in-law of Lord Russell, and that his impudent perfidy was at the Revolution acknowledged and rewarded by the whigs by a viscounty and an earldom, and soon after by the Dukedom of Montague; nor, to the best of our recollection does Mr. Macaulay again allude to these disgraceful affairs; though it is (*cum multis aliis*) a circumstance surely as worthy of historical notice as Lord Feversham's china dish, that this same Powle, the pensioner of France, was afterwards chosen speaker of the Convention Parliament—as an avowed partisan of the Prince of Orange's election to the crown. Can it be believed that Mr. Macaulay had accidentally overlooked Dalrymple's detailed exposure of these transactions? That excuse we have an accidental proof that he cannot make, for he condescends to borrow, with an accuracy that could hardly be fortuitous, the very words in which Dalrymple opens the story:—

DALRYMPLE.

In the midst of so much combustible matter, the train laid by Montague and Barillon against Lord Danby and his master was set on fire.

MACAULAY.

The nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter.

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Macaulay was not writing with Dalrymple before his eyes, and they will judge also whether, in any case, he was justified in suppressing—he so fond of details—all the most curious circumstances of the most

curious story of our annals, and which he pretends to tell.

One cannot but be struck with the disproportionate space and labor bestowed on the Monmouth rebellion, and the strange excess of indulgence shown to some and of severity to others of the persons engaged in that wicked attempt. The secret of all this is that Monmouth's rebellion was, in fact, but the continuation and catastrophe of the Rye House plot. For that plot Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney had suffered, and these two martyrs, having been early canonized by the revolutionizing whigs, have been still worshipped—though with a less bold devotion since the discovery of Barillon's despatches—by that same party of which the Russell family have been from the Revolution to this day the great and powerful head. All the whig historians, Fox, Mackintosh, and now Mr. Macaulay, have labored to revive and maintain all the *legal* objections originally made to the proceedings against the Rye House conspirators. He and they endeavor to keep in the background the intention of open rebellion, of which at least all the accused were undeniably guilty, whatever may be technically thought of the evidence upon which the two leaders were convicted. Now Monmouth was notoriously one of the most active leaders of the plot; and there can be no doubt that the Exclusion Bill was intended, by some at least of its supporters, to give him a chance of the crown. His appearance, therefore, in open rebellion, attended by Lord Grey, and the other surviving members of the Rye House plot, becomes a strong confirmation of all that the crown lawyers had alleged and crown witnesses proved; and therefore it is that Mr. Macaulay labors to show that Monmouth had no premeditated design of rebellion, that he had given up all thoughts of public life, and that he was at least a reluctant victim to the solicitations and instigation of mischievous people about him. With this clue we can understand Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Monmouth and all the circumstances of his rebellion; his tenderness for Monmouth—his indulgence for Lord Grey, in every way the most infamous of mankind, but the friend and partner of Lord Russell in the Rye House conspiracy—and his extravagant hostility to Ferguson, an Independent preacher, the Judas of Dryden's great satire, a man of furious temper and desperate councils, one of the inferior Rye House conspirators, on whom, as a scape-goat, it has been found convenient to lay all the blame, first, of the sanguinary part of the plot, and now of Monmouth's invasion and assumption of the royal title. The indignation which Mr. Macaulay—as usual abusive beyond all measure of taste or reason—has lavished on this man, already damned to everlasting fame by the muse of Dryden, and more lately by the pen of Walter Scott, (from whose historical notes on Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" Mr. Macaulay has largely and without acknowledgment borrowed,) reminds us of the passage in Pope, in which his friend, dissuading him from

satire in general, allows him to be as severe as he pleases on Jonathan Wild—who had been hanged ten years before.

It has been of course a main point with all the whig historians to acquit the Prince of Orange of any countenance to the proceedings of Monmouth; but no one has ventured to do so in quite so dashing a style as Mr. Macaulay. While he wastes so many pages on the most trivial anecdotes, he does not even admit this really interesting question into his text, but dismisses it contemptuously in a foot note:—

It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise.—i. 571.

It happens that there is not one of "those writers" thus vilipended whom Mr. Macaulay does not, when it happens to serve his purpose on some other point, admit as true and worthy evidence. In a review of two volumes it is hard to be obliged to give up half a dozen pages to the examination of two lines; and it would take us quite that space to produce half the authorities by which the allegation which Mr. Macaulay does not think worth refuting is, we assert, completely established. We shall, however, make room for a few passages which we think will show that, if Mr. Macaulay considers King William's character on this point of any value, it would have been very well worth while to have answered, if he could, that allegation.

First, Dalrymple, a whig, but an honest historian, and the first who gave us any real insight into the history of those times, tells us that after the Rye House plot—

Monmouth was received with kindness and respect, and treated even with an affectation of familiarity by the Prince and Princess of Orange. * * * From this period the court of the Prince of Orange became a place of refuge for every person who had either opposed the Duke of York's succession or appeared to be attached to the Duke of Monmouth. Most of those who had followed the Duke of Monmouth's fortunes, or who desired to do so, were provided for by the prince in the British regiments which were in the Dutch service—circumstances which only were wanting to alienate forever the affections of the two royal brothers from the prince. They even believed that he had given encouragement to that part of the Ryehouse conspiracy in which the great men had been engaged.—*Mem.* i. 58.

Monmouth retired to the Hague in the early part of October, 1679, and it is not surprising that this claimant of the British crown was but coldly received by the heirs presumptive. But after a few days, as D'Avaux, the able and well-informed ambassador of Louis XIV., informs us, William obtained from Monmouth a full renunciation of his pretended legitimacy—

And thereupon they entered into a mutual engagement to unite their interests and assist each other, and it was then that was formed that alliance which has occasioned so many disorders, and which cost Monmouth his life and James his kingdom.—*D'Avaux, Négotiations*, i. 61.

This important passage would be of itself sufficient to establish the fact; but from this time till the total failure of Monmouth's attempt—five or six years later—there is hardly a despatch that does not testify D'Avaux's conviction, generally supported by evidence, that William was already playing his own deep game behind Monmouth as a stalking-horse. Immediately after the interview just mentioned D'Avaux denounces to Louis XIV. the connections (*liaisons*) between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth, which, he adds, "were the *foundation of the revolutions which afterwards took place in England*."—*Ib.* i. 57.

Mr. Macaulay may ask, as other whig writers have done, how can it be supposed that the Prince of Orange should favor pretensions that were inconsistent with the right of the princess?—All the authorities, all the evidence, and indeed common sense, afford an easy answer. In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions before the prince would receive him even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth's claim was an absurdity, which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself. This was William's policy as early as the Exclusion Bill—

As to the Duke of Monmouth, who was acting in the same direction against the Duke of York, the prince felt that *if the Duke of York was once out of the way, the Duke of Monmouth could give him no great trouble*.—*D'Avaux*, i. 105.

This was William's opinion and policy up to the very last. When the news of Monmouth's first successes arrived in Holland D'Avaux says, "I wonder whether the prince still thinks that Monmouth can do nothing that he cannot set right again in a moment."—*Ib.*, vol. v., p. 84. When, however, in addition to exaggerated accounts of these successes, it became known that Monmouth had been proclaimed *king*, D'Avaux immediately observed a change in William's deportment.

Since the Prince of Orange has known that M. de Monmouth has taken the title of *king*, he no longer pursues the same course which he did before; for it is certain and evident that not only did it depend on him to prevent M. de Monmouth from sending any vessel out of this state, but that it is also true that Mr. Skelton, having pointed out to him where M. de Monmouth was, and having begged that he would either arrest him, or at least turn him out of the States, the Prince of Orange answered that M. de Monmouth was unjustly suspected, and that he had no connection with Argyl and the other discontented English, who were here. As for myself, I am persuaded that the Prince of Orange believed that Monmouth's attempt would not go very far, and that all that the rebels would do would be but to render him (the prince) more necessary to the King of England.—v. 92.

King James himself, in his own memoirs, tells even more distinctly the same story as the French

minister. Dalrymple—adopting D'Avaux's evidence and reasoning, and stating how the Dutch authorities—or rather, according to D'Avaux, the Prince of Orange himself—evaded the request of James' minister for stopping Monmouth's expedition—thus accounts for the prince's connivance:—

The prince interfered not, excusing himself because his assistance was not asked; and, perhaps, was not displeased to see one expose himself to ruin, who had been a rival to the princess for the succession, and disturbances raised which he might himself be called to compose. He even pretended to Skelton that he gave no credit to the reports of Argyle and Monmouth, although *he knew* that one was gone and the other just ready to go.—*Dalrymple*, 56.

We have not produced a tithe of the evidence before us all in the same direction, but we think we have sufficiently shown that the matter deserved to be treated more seriously than Mr. Macaulay has done. And we have also to complain of the sly and labored misrepresentation of D'Avaux, by which he endeavors to give his own color to William's reception of Monmouth at the Hague. He says—

The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son.—i. 530.

And for this he quotes D'Avaux, who says nothing of the kind, but indeed the contrary, for he complains that a "belief prevailed amongst the Dutch people (*la plupart des Hollandais*) that the attentions shown the duke were really not displeasing to King Charles;" a belief which D'Avaux looked upon as a deception on the public, but he does not give the least hint that the prince and princess were under that delusion, and the whole scope of his despatches is to expose over and over again the prince's duplicity in this respect.

Mr. Macaulay proceeds to paint with his most glowing pencil the dutiful and respectful regard which William showed to the secret wishes of King Charles, by his extraordinary attentions to his favorite son. The passage is worth quoting, as a sample both of Mr. Macaulay's style and his fidelity:—

The duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honors and commands. Animated by such expectations he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious coloring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on

the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on ice; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humor when his brilliant guest appeared.—i. 531.

For this D'Avaux is again quoted, and for this time truly, as far as the naked facts; but most untruly as to the coloring given, the motives assigned, and the conclusions drawn; for D'Avaux expressly states that all these attentions were such manifest "affectation on the part of the prince that it seemed as if they could only be intended as wanton insults to the king," (*D'Avaux*, iv. 24.) But the more immediate object was to insult the Duke of York, and keep up the spirits of that party in England which was bent on the Exclusion and of which Monmouth was the leader; and D'Avaux goes on to give (the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's gala picture) an account of the harsh and tyrannical treatment by which the prince (hitherto the coldest of men, and yet the most jealous of husbands) forced the princess into these extraordinary demonstrations of gayety and even of gallantry, (*ib.* 221.) One of these stories—so picturesque that M. Macaulay would have been delighted to have copied it if he could have reconciled it with his contemporaneous fictions—deserves particular attention as a clue to William's motives both in his attentions at this time to Monmouth, and as to his ulterior designs upon England. The 30th of January—the martyrdom of King Charles—was come. This, besides being recognized as a day of humiliation by the Church of England, to which Mary was piously attached, was still more devoutly observed by the royal family; and the children and grandchildren of Charles always observed that day by fasting and seclusion. A day or two after this D'Avaux writes to Louis XIV. :—

Your majesty knows how the English are in the habit of observing the anniversary of the death of Charles I.* On that day the Prince of Orange forced the princess, instead of her intended mourning, to put on full dress; he next, in spite of her entreaties and prayers, forced her to dinner. The princess was obliged to submit to have all the dishes brought to her one after another. 'T is true she ate little, or rather, indeed, nothing; and in order to make public the insult (*outrage*) which he meant to the king by all this, he forced her that night to go to the playhouse, in spite of her efforts to avoid it. It is to be remarked that, though there have been plays four times a week, the prince has been there but twice before in the last three months; which shows that his going to the play that night was a mere piece of parade.—*D'Avaux*, vi. 263.

The secret of all this evidently was—the Ex-

* By a slip of the pen or the press this is printed in *D'Avaux James the First*, and this error has perhaps prevented the story's attracting as much notice as it deserves. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens," has related the anecdote, and corrected the name.

clusion Bill had failed. The Rye House plot had not only failed, but had united the nation in loyalty to the king and the legitimate successor. James had had two daughters by his second wife, and might naturally expect a son; and the country was in a state that afforded no prospect of a change of dynasty; but the revolutionary party, though quiet, were not asleep—intrigues were on foot to recall the Duke of Monmouth. His return would have led to a new attempt to exclude the Duke of York, and open to William a better chance of disturbing the succession. Hence his affected kindnesses to Monmouth—hence the unseemly attempt to cajole the old republican and regicide party by forcing the princess to desecrate the anniversary of the murder of her grandfather. After this explanation we beg our readers to turn back and read our extract of Mr. Macaulay's account of the fascinating influence of Monmouth over the pensive William!

We sincerely wish we had room to exhibit side by side all Mr. Macaulay's cited authorities and the use he makes of them. Nothing but such a collation could give a perfect idea of Mr. Macaulay's style of misdating, garbling, and coloring acknowledged facts as to produce all the effect of entire deception; the object of this complication of misrepresentation being to excite a tender interest for the rebel Monmouth, and to exculpate William from any share in Monmouth's design.

To all this we have to add a most important postscript which Mr. Macaulay passes over in prudent silence. William sufficiently testified the interest he had taken in Monmouth's attempt by his favor to the survivors of it. At the Revolution Lord Grey was made an earl; Ferguson—"Judas"—on whom Mr. Macaulay pours forth all the vials of his wrath for his share in Monmouth's proceedings—was rewarded with a sinecure place of £500 a year in the royal household; and the obscure printer, who had printed what Mr. Macaulay calls "Monmouth's disgraceful Declaration," took refuge with the Prince of Orange—came back with him—was made stationer to their majesties King William and Queen Mary.—(*Kennett*, iii. 428.)

After so much political detail it will be some kind of diversion to our readers to examine Mr. Macaulay's most elaborate strategic and topographical effort, worked up with all the combined zeal and skill of an ex-secretary-at-war and a pictorial historian—a copious description of the battle of Sedgemoor. Mr. Macaulay seems to have visited Bridgewater with a zeal worthy of a better result; for it has produced a description of the surrounding country as pompous and detailed as if it had been the scene of some grand strategic operations—a parade not merely unnecessary, but absurd, for the so-called battle was but a bungling skirmish. Monmouth had intended to surprise the king's troops in their quarters by a midnight attack, but was stopped by a wide and deep trench, of which he was not apprised, called Bussex Rhine, behind which the king's army lay. "The trenches which drain

the moor are," Mr. Macaulay adds, "in that country called *rhines*." On each side of this ditch the parties stood firing at each other in the dark. Lord Grey and the cavalry ran away without striking a blow; Monmouth followed them, too, soon; for some time the foot stood with a degree of courage and steadiness surprising in such raw and half-armed levies; at last the king's cavalry got round their flank, and they, too, ran; the king's foot then crossed the ditch with little or no resistance, and slaughtered, with small loss on their own side, a considerable number of the fugitives, the rest escaping back to Bridgewater. Our readers will judge whether such a skirmish required a long preliminary description of the surrounding country. Mr. Macaulay might just as usefully have described the plain of Troy. Indeed, at the close of his long topographical and etymological narrative Mr. Macaulay has the tardy candor to confess that—

little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed, and the old *Bussex Rhine*, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared.

This is droll. After spending a deal of space and fine writing in describing the present prospect, he concludes by telling us candidly it is all of no use, for the whole scene has changed. This is like Walpole's story of the French lady who asked for her lover's picture; and when he demurred, observing that, if her husband were to see it, it might betray their secret—"Oh dear, no," she said—just like Mr. Macaulay—"I will have the picture, but it need not be like!"

But even as to the change, we again doubt Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. The word *Rhine* in Somersetshire, as perhaps—*parva componere magnis*—in the great German river, means *running water*, and we therefore think it very unlikely that a running stream should have disappeared; but we also find in the ordnance survey of Somersetshire, made in our own time, the course and name of *Busseck's Rhine* distinctly laid down in front of Weston, where it probably ran in Monmouth's day; and we are further informed, in return to some inquiries that we have caused to be made, that the *Rhine* is now, in 1849, as visible and well known as ever it was.

But this grand piece of the military topography of a battle-field where there was no battle must have its picturesque and pathetic episode, and Mr. Macaulay finds one well suited to such a novel. When Monmouth had made up his mind to attempt to surprise the royal army, Mr. Macaulay is willing (for a purpose which we shall see presently) to persuade himself that the duke let the whole town into his secret:—

That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret to Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day; and many

parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom.—i. 606, 7.

—the doom of the wicked army, be it noted *en passant*, being a complete victory. Mr. Macaulay cites Kennett for this story, and adds that he is "forced to believe the story to be true, because Kennett declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer who fought at Sedgemoor, and had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress."—*ib.*

We shall not dwell on the value of an anonymous story told *three-and-thirty years* after the battle of Sedgemoor. The tale is sufficiently refuted by notorious facts and dates, and indeed by its internal absurdity. We know from the clear and indisputable evidence of Wade, who commanded Monmouth's infantry, all the proceedings of that day. Monmouth no doubt intended to move that night, and made open preparation for it, and the partings so pathetically described may have, therefore, taken place, and the rather because the intended movement was to leave that part of the country altogether—not to meet the king's troops, but to endeavor to escape them by a forced march across the Avon and into Gloucestershire. So far might have been known. But about *three o'clock* that afternoon Monmouth received intelligence by a spy that the king's troops had advanced to Sedgemoor, but had taken their positions so injudiciously, that there seemed a possibility of surprising them in a night attack. On this Monmouth assembled a council of war, which agreed that, instead of retreating that night towards the Avon as they had intended, they should advance and attack, provided the spy, who was to be sent out to a new reconnoissance, should report that the troops were not intrenched. We may be sure that—as the news only arrived at three in the afternoon—the assembling the council of war—the deliberation—the sending back the spy—his return and another deliberation—must have protracted the final decision to so late an hour that evening, that it was utterly impossible that the change of the design of a march northward to that of an "*attack to be made under cover of the night*," could have been that *morning* no secret in Bridgewater. But our readers see it was necessary for Mr. Macaulay to raise this fable, in order to account for the poor girl's knowing so important a secret. So far we have argued the case on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, which, we confess, was

very incautious on our part; but on turning to his authority we find, as usual, a story essentially different. Kennett says—

A brave captain in the horse guards, now living, (1718,) was in the action at Sedgemoor, and gave me this account of it:—That on *Sunday morning, July 5*, a young woman came from Monmouth's quarters to give notice of his design to surprise the king's camp *that night*; but this young woman being carried to a chief officer in a neighboring village, she was led up stairs and debauched by him, and, coming down in a great fright and disorder, (as he himself saw her,) she went back, and her message was not told.—*Kennett*, iii. 432.

This knocks the whole story in the head. Kennett was not aware (Wade's narrative not being published when he wrote) that the king's troops did not come in sight of Sedgemoor till about three o'clock P. M. of that Sunday on the early morning of which he places the girl's visit to the camp, and it was not till late that same evening that Monmouth changed his original determination, and formed the sudden resolution with which, to support Kennett's story, the whole town must have been acquainted at least twelve hours before. These are considerations which ought not to have escaped a philosophical historian who had the advantage, which Kennett had not, of knowing the exact time when these details occurred.

But, supposing for a moment that we had not had the complete refutation afforded by the dates, would it not have occurred to a man of common sense, and, above all, to one *reluctant* to believe the story, to test its probability by asking whether there was no other person more likely to convey the intelligence in such a state of affairs than a poor girl? Even if she only had by any strange chance known such a secret, had she no father—no brother—no friend, to convey it more surely, more credibly, and more safely? "But *that* was no place where female innocence could be safe." Was there ever any camp into which "female innocence" could safely venture at such a perilous hour, and on such a sleeveless errand? The fable, however, has its moral; it teaches us to wonder at the intensity of party spirit which, after the lapse of a century and a half, not merely *forces* such a mind as Mr. Macaulay's to *believe*, but leads him to bolster up by adventitious touches of his own eloquence, so flagrant an impossibility.

The last part of this romance to which we can direct the attention of our readers is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's most obvious purpose in this very strange attempt is to double-gild his idol; and, instead of being satisfied, as the world has hitherto been, with considering William III. as a great soldier and statesman and the opportune though irregular instrument of a necessary revolution, he endeavors to show that he was entitled to the choice which the country is represented as having made of him, by his private virtues, and, above all, by the concurrence in his election of the legi- & rle

successor, his affectionate and devoted wife, who, apart from all political and above all selfish considerations, was but too happy to see the throne, which strict law would have conferred on her alone, shared with the man of her heart. This is of course the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the dénouement seems here somewhat forced and unnatural. We have little doubt that Mary was an obedient, if not a loving, wife; and that she willingly, gladly admitted William to a participation of her royal rights—not from romantic affection, but for this plain and paramount reason, that without his sword she would have had no rights to share. That *sword* it was which cut the Gordian knot with which the Convention Parliament and its parties so long *seemed* to puzzle themselves. Mr. Macaulay states fully and more clearly and fairly than is usual with him, the various expedients that were proposed and the various arguments that were urged for the supplying the place of the absent king. The archbishop and the high tories proposed a *regency*, which would have preserved their nominal allegiance to the king. Danby and the moderate whigs and tories were for the plainer and, under such circumstances, the sounder course of considering James' abdication as a civil death, and calling the next heir, Mary, to the throne. The old republican party would rather not have had a monarchy at all; but if a monarch, one whose title should *not* be legitimate; and Mr. Macaulay takes great pains to show that Halifax and the Trimmers, the party that seemed finally to decide the question, were the more disposed for *electing* William on the republican principle of breaking the line of succession. But in fact this last argument was a mere pretence to conceal the duress under which they really had no alternative but the choice of William. All these eloquent debates and all Mr. Macaulay's ingenious argumentations only enwreath the steel. William might say—*εὐ μὲρ τοῦ κλαδὶ τὸν ξιθὸν θορῶσω*—"You may cover my sword with rhetorical garlands, but it is not the less a sword; and if you will have its protection you must submit to its power." And as the bulk of his special adherents were of the old republican regicide and Rye House party, they not only would have had no compunction in submitting even to his forcible seizure of the crown, but would have much preferred that to the execution of the threat by which William finally stifled their various differences—namely, that, if they did not make him king, he would retire with his army and leave all parties to the tender mercies of a Jacobite restoration. It was chiefly, we think, with a view of throwing a kind of veil over this real state of the case, not very creditable to the revolution whigs, nor very grateful to the national pride of any Englishman, that Mr. Macaulay has indiscreetly, we think, recalled attention to the conjugal relations of William and Mary.

For a time William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth

Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed *ashamed of his errors*, and spared no pains to conceal them; but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her.—ii. 174.

All this is sadly misrepresented. It was not for a time—he was not *ashamed of*, and took no pains to conceal, his infidelity! The amour with Elizabeth Villiers began immediately after his marriage, and continued notoriously during all Mary's life. He even made her husband Earl of Orkney, as Charles II. had made the husband of Barbara Villiers Earl of Castlemaine; and in 1697 he made her grants of forfeited estates in Ireland so scandalous that they were rescinded by Parliament; and, in short, as Miss Strickland says, "Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of Mary's peace from her marriage to her grave."—*Life of Mary*, ii. 303. But we decline pursuing a subject even more disagreeable than is here stated; and we pass on to a less unpleasant cause of the estrangement. This, we are told, was William's uneasiness at the awkwardness of his future position as king-consort. Mary

had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William's discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed with a very natural delicacy.—ii. 175.

This admission shows at what a remote period, and with what a distant chance, William began to pine after the crown of England, and would go far to convict him of all the intrigues against the governments of Charles and James, from which Mr. Macaulay, in other parts of this book, so zealously labors to exculpate him. The sequel of the story is more romantic. It was after nine years of unhappiness from moral causes on the part of the wife, and "brooding discontent" from political reveries on the part of the husband, that, by the lucky arrival of an English, or rather Scotch, parson, who was travelling in the Low Countries, "three words of frank explanation" were elicited and cured all in a moment. A complete reconciliation was brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet:—

Burnet plainly told the princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband's mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that, when she became Queen of England, William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give. Burnet, with many apologies and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her Parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. "But," he added, "your royal highness ought to consider well before

you announce any such resolution. For it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted." "I want no time for consideration," answered Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know till yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule; and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a *passion fond even to idolatry*.—ii. 180, 181.

Burnet assures us that William's grief for the loss of Mary was passionate, and it is not improbable that when the discontent that had been so long brooding in his mind was removed he may have become more sensible to the charms of Mary's person, and the strength and accomplishments of her mind; but we confess that we find it difficult to imagine a passion "fond even to idolatry," at once so suddenly and yet so permanently produced. And how? By contrition on the part of the profligate husband, and condonation on the part of the appeased wife! Not at all: but by setting the husband's mind at ease as to his future position in a distant and not very probable political event. Burnet—though his interest and feelings would lead him in the same direction as Mr. Macaulay, namely, to magnify William and justify his artful and selfish conduct in his pursuit of the crown—yet still he preserves a kind of moderation which gives his account a different and a less unnatural appearance. He begins with an introductory anecdote of great significance, wholly omitted by Mr. Macaulay. He describes a conversation between the princess and himself in which he blamed M. Jurieu for having written with acrimony and indecency against Mary Queen of Scots. The princess took Jurieu's part, and said "that if princes would do ill things, they must expect that the world will do justice on their memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that were but a small suffering, far short of *what others suffered at their hands*," (i. 693.) One easily understands the meaning of these last words in the mouth of a neglected wife. Burnet goes on to say that some time after this

I found the prince was resolved to make use of me. * * * That which fixed me in their confidence was the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the princess, to ask her what she intended the prince should be if she came to the

crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage.—*Ib.*

We must pause to observe that Mary was now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, had been married above nine years, had always had English chaplains and attendants, and "was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a woman of good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was *fond of history* and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman," (i. 394.) Yet Burnet and Mr. Macaulay would have us believe that, until the prince "resolved to make use" of *him*, Mary was absolutely ignorant of her position as heiress of the crown. It is much more probable that Mary, like a sensible, ambitious woman as she was, knew her position perfectly well; but, seeing the crisis to which affairs were coming in England, had for their common interest resolved to gratify William, and had taken advantage of Burnet's intervention for that purpose.

Burnet, however, according to his own story, explained to her her special rights, the cases of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Philip and Mary; adding:—

That a titular kingship was no acceptable thing, especially if it was to depend on another's life.—She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavor effectually to get it legally invested in him for life. This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled.

Mary without hesitation resolved to take Burnet's advice, and sent him on the moment to bring William to her, that she might explain her intention with her own lips.

He was that day a-hunting [*off after a stag*]. The next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife: she promised him he should always bear rule: and she asked only that he would obey the command of "*husbands, love your wives*," as she should do that of "*wives, be obedient to your husbands*." From this lively introduction we entered into a long discourse of the affairs of England. Both seemed well pleased with me, and with all I had suggested: but such was the prince's cold way that he said not one word to me upon it that looked like acknowledgment.—*Ib.*

This affords the true clue to the whole of William's conduct with reference to the revolution. He had resolved—we cannot guess how early—to be King of England in his own right—*Marte suo*, he might emphatically say. Nor do we call this the darkest stain on his history; it was a natural feel-

ing in a careless husband and an ambitious prince; to many it may seem the more excusable from William's being, in his own right, the next heir to the crown after his wife and her sister; and, as regards public interests, we doubt whether the expulsion of James—absolutely necessary for the religion and liberties of England—could have been otherwise accomplished and maintained. Our country profited by the selfish policy of William—but it is a falsification of historical fact to pretend that his policy was guided by zeal for the liberties and Church of England, which he really felt as little as James, though, fortunately for us, it suited his personal ambition to profess it. We owe him and his "glorious memory" public gratitude, but we cannot regard his personal character or conduct with either affection or respect—still less can we accept the extravagant glorifications of every point—even the worst—of his character, by Mr. Macaulay.

We must here conclude. We have exhausted our time and our space, but not our topics. We have selected such of the more prominent defects and errors of Mr. Macaulay as were manageable within our limits; but numerous as they are, we beg that they may be considered as specimens only of the infinitely larger assortment that the volumes would afford, and be read not merely as individual instances, but as indications of the general style of the work, and the prevailing *animus* of the writer. We have chiefly directed our attention to points of mere historical inaccuracy and infidelity; but they are combined with a greater admixture of other—we know not whether to call them literary or moral defects, than the insulated passages sufficiently exhibit. These faults, as we think them, but which may to some readers be the prime fascinations of the work, abound on its surface. And their very number and their superficial prominence constitute a main charge against the author, and prove, we think, his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. He takes much pains to parade—perhaps he really believes in—his impartiality, with what justice we appeal to the foregoing pages; but he is guilty of a prejudice as injurious in its consequences to truth as any political bias. He abhors whatever is not in itself picturesque, while he clings with the tenacity of a novelist to the *piquant* and the startling. Whether it be the boudoir of a strumpet or the death-bed of a monarch—the strong character of a statesman-warrior abounding in contrasts and rich in mystery, or the personal history of a judge trained in the Old Bailey to vulgarize and ensanguine the King's Bench—he luxuriates with a vigor and variety of language and illustration which renders his "History" an attractive and absorbing story-book. And so spontaneously redundant are these errors—so inwoven in the very texture of Mr. Macaulay's mind—that he seems never able to escape from them. Even after the reader is led to believe that all that can be said either of praise or vituperation as to character, of voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact and circumstance, has been passed in review

before him—when a new subject, indeed, seems to have been started—all at once the old theme is renewed, and the old ideas are redressed in all the affluent imagery and profuse eloquence of which Mr. Macaulay is so eminent a master. Now of the fancy and fashion of this we should not complain—quite the contrary—in a professed novel; there is a theatre in which it would be exquisitely appropriate and attractive; but the temple of history is not the floor for a morris-dance—the muse Clio is not to be worshipped in the halls of Terpsichore. We protest against this species of *carnival* history; no more like the reality than the Eglintoun Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace; and we deplore the squandering of so much melodramatic talent on a subject which we have hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of Philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it;—but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal—and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England.

FRENCH INTERVENTION IN ROME.

Has France sent an expedition to the Roman States in opposition to Austria, and in order to counteract her influence and tendencies, or has France sent the expedition in concert with Austria, and to bring about much the same results as if Austria intervened alone? We doubt whether the question can be answered by either a yes or a no. We believe that there is a much better understanding between France and Austria than people suppose. But the French are unquestionably sincere in their professed determination to secure a constitutional form of government to the Romans.

The policy of the French government—a peculiarly Napoleonic one—seems to be to make Rome the centre of its influence in Italy; and this can be only done by the establishment there of a moderate liberalism. How it will be managed, may be difficult to say; but certain it is that France has strenuously resisted the subjugation and occupation of Rome either by Spaniards, or Neapolitans, or Piedmontese, or Austrians, or, in fact, by any power, even her own. The Pope is not well pleased at this. His holiness rightly judges that his restoration by the French will be the restoration least favorable to a resumption of his plenary authority; and although the Pope has

some liberal inclinations, his prime minister and councillor, Antonelli, cannot be suspected of any. The French expedition is therefore gall and wormwood at Gæta. Especially as Gæta knows at the same time the Austrians are not to advance further than Rimini and Bologna.

It is curious how openly France has avowed its policy. M. Barrot declared that the Pope being the chief of Catholicism, France could never permit the wielder of such a power to fall completely into strange and hostile hands. Austria, of course, pleads the same; and hence the great Catholic league for the enthronization of the Pope is avowedly neither more nor less than the rival struggles of Catholic powers to retain influence with the chief of Catholicism lest he should turn his spiritual power to their disadvantage. But such policy cannot be confined to Roman Catholic States. The Pope has more power to thwart and injure the Russian, or the Prussian, or the English governments, than to do harm to either Austrian, French, or Spanish. So that, by the same rule, the non-Catholic powers should intervene on behalf of spiritual freedom and influence.

All this must be highly satisfactory to the good people of Central Italy, to the cultivator of Boulogne, and the merchant of Ancona. They have a prince whom all Europe has an interest and a pretext for meddling with. The poor Romagnese are therefore tenfold subject, first, to the Pope and his cardinals; and secondly, to the protectors, patrons, and influencers of these. Singular doctrine to be upheld by French statesmen, one of the fundamental articles of whose constitution declares that the force and influence of France shall never be employed in curtailing the liberties of any other country.

But on the whole, we are not sorry that the French have sailed to Civita. That the Roman republic could have maintained itself, and kept the Pope in exile, was not to be hoped. It is, therefore, hardly to be regretted—at least on the part of England—that France should have undertaken a task which she will find extremely troublesome. To shake off the domination at once of priests, Austrians, and republicans, and establish, in despite of them all, any kind of a lay and constitutional regime in the Pope's dominions, will, no doubt, be a work of great difficulty. But the French have hosts, money, and patience to spare. They will have Austrian diplomacy on one side, to keep watch against liberal excess; and they will have the French ultra liberal party on the other, to call them to account if Roman liberty be suppressed. To satisfy all parties will be no sinecure, and the "*Romanum condere gentem*" will in all probability prove as difficult for M. Barrot as it was for Æneas.—*Examiner*, 21 April.

From the Examiner, 5 May.

WHO IS TO BE EMPEROR?

NAPOLEON'S prophecy appears to be fast accomplishing, wherein he foretold that in a few years

Europe must either be republican or Cossack. One of the peculiarities and characteristics of Napoleon was, his want of belief in middle terms, or in moderate parties, or, in fact, in constitutional systems. Despotism and anarchy—he saw no medium betwixt them. Of all that occurred, and triumphed, and lived its short hour between Robespierre and himself, he took no account. Military despotism or mob rule were his pillars of Hercules, between which he saw but a rapid stream which stays not, and which hurries all upon it fast into either ocean.

Bonaparte did not believe in constitutional government, because he was a southern, a native of those regions where individual mind and might is everything, laws and institutions nothing. He no more conceived that the machine of government could go on without an individual spring, than that a watch should initiate its own movements. It should have been the interest and the pride of at least Northern Europe to belie the prophecy and incredulity of Napoleon as to the duration and possibility of representative government under a monarchy. But somehow even Northern Europe has not succeeded in refuting that prophecy.

On the contrary, in 1849 France is republican; whilst the princes and the people of Germany having failed, after a year's effort, in framing that kind of constitutional government which requires the joint efforts, wisdom, and forbearance of both, the German princes are lustily calling on the Cossacks, and about to merge the spirit of their policy and government in a Cossack *régime*. The German people, however reluctant, are thus driven to another extreme; and we have little doubt that, however they hesitate in May, they will be thoroughly republican in December. This was the case with our own Hampdens, Pym, and Vanes. Monarchs prove to their people that they cannot be trusted, and the leaders of the people are driven, whether they will or not, into republicanism.

We do not say that republicanism is to last, or that it is to be a durable sentiment. But there are from twenty to thirty years in the history of most nations, on the eve of which sovereigns have behaved so ill, and the people have been driven to put such exclusive trust in their own efforts and wisdom, that nothing but republicanism is possible. The Germans, it is evident, have reached, or are now driven to, that point. Their princes have forced them to enter on their republican era.

There are, however, circumstances and elements that operate still to render German popular resistance more difficult than either English or French at the time of their respective revolutions. The English crown had no army in 1640. The French had but a provincial one in 1789, that is, regiments drawn from separate provinces, each with their local prejudices and rivalry. To discourage and render them disaffected was not difficult. The English, too, had no foreign foe to contend with; and the French were menaced by enemies neither formidable nor united. Whereas

Germany, in her revolutionary struggle, which must come sooner or later, has the enormous military power of Russia to contend against, supported by such loyal adherents as the princely houses can command, and which last are numerous. We have not the least doubt that the Germans will overcome these obstacles, and will tear to pieces the puny netting which their own autocrats can fling over them; moreover, that, if so challenged, they will repel the Tartar to his steppes, and liberate in that one effort the Slavonic race from their thrall. This will be an immense, but no less, in such circumstances, an inevitable revolution. We can foresee neither the time it will take, nor the vicissitudes it will run. But of this we may be certain, that, if the threatened aid of Russia is invoked against Hungary, the struggle between the republican principle and the Cossack has commenced, and will take many years to run its course; that it will spill much blood, cause much excitement, ruin many dynasties, and sweep away many populations; but that in all human probability it will end at last, as these struggles always end, by a compromise; and that neither absolute popular self-government nor absolute kingly control will survive, but that both must blend in that alliance wherein Napoleon would not believe—that great compromise called a representative and constitutional government.

There is another element of German discord which did not exist in the countries which have already undergone revolution. There is the division of races not merely into provinces but kingdoms, the mingling up of some with foreign races, and hence certain rival pretensions of the chiefs of the princes to be the chief of the entire race, the head of the empire. The natural wish of any one wishing well at once to Germany and to monarchy, would be that the most powerful German sovereign should take that supremacy; but it has been generally wielded by a sovereign the heart of whose empire is Slavonic, while one of its arms is Italian—its left arm alone, one may say, being German. Thus those who care not for Germany, who think that strength may exist without nationality, and that an empire may live by an army alone—such politicians put trust in Austria, and pray for the reëstablishment of its power and supremacy. Theirs, however, is a merely diplomatic and superficial view of things. A philosophic view of the prospects of Central Europe could never thus shut itself up among the old bandboxes and cartons of 1815.

Prussia was Germany's best hope. And Prussia would have justified the hope, had it possessed an honest, a consistent, a courageous king. Even were he not over liberal, one could have forgiven him if he had stood out for the unity of his race. But he is neither for unity, nor for liberty, nor for any plain object that people can discern. Machiavellian in his folly, insincere notwithstanding his piety, pusillanimous with all his soldiering, false amidst worlds of protestations, unscrupulous while wearing all the prudery of extreme con-

scientiousness, a pedant in the cabinet, a bigot in the conclave, self-willed, yet incapable of resolution, mistrusting all the able men of every party, and obstinate to put trust merely in fools—what hope is there of the King of Prussia? And yet we have little doubt that he still reckons to be Emperor of Germany, by the support of Russia and the court of Austria, so cunningly have these courts duped him to join in their crusade rather than embark in the liberal and popular one.

From the Examiner, 5th May.

THE HUNGARIAN VICTORY.

ONE of the most frequent commonplaces of the Aberdeen school of politicians has been to vaunt the inexhaustible resources of Austria. This has been put forward over and over again, with reference to the war in Hungary. Yet all who are really acquainted with the details of the Austrian government, knew very well that these so-called Austrian resources lay in Hungary itself—in that Hungary which under Maria Theresa had earned its title of "*seminarium heroum*," which now, by devoting all its energies to shake off the intolerable yoke of Austria, it has so nobly established and confirmed.

In December last Hungary was at one and the same time attacked from nine different quarters. Unsupported by foreign aid, and unsuccessful in their first struggles, the Hungarians were compelled to retreat, leaving their capital and the seat of government in the hands of their enemies. Yet the genius of Kossuth never quailed. Supported by the unswerving patriotism of all classes, and by that alone, without the assistance of strangers either in men or money, without foreign levies or foreign loans, he, step by step, recovered every advantage which had been won from him at first by the overwhelming force and simultaneous attacks of the Austrians. In the short time which has elapsed since the 5th of January he has succeeded in establishing, at Debreczin, manufactories for the production of fulminating silver and percussion-caps; a foundry for muskets; and one for casting and boring cannon. He has erected powder-mills and extended the saltpetre manufactory; he has thoroughly equipped and regularly provisioned 100,000 men; he has raised the effective cavalry to 20,000 horses; and he has established pontoon-trains and rocket-batteries. But he has done more than this. In the subordinate ranks of the army his eagle-eye has detected the lurking talents which the Austrian system could not develop, and he has committed the charge of his forces to men whose triumphs have justified his selection. Only one year ago Görgey was but a lieutenant; Klapka and Gaspar, captains; Vetter, a major; and Perczel, Guyon, and Count Casimir Batthyany, had never served at all. Yet now the Austrian generals, grown gray in war-like service, have one by one yielded to the superior talents of their young competitors. Veteran legions have fled before the Hungarian recruits, like chaff be-

fore the wind. The armies of the empire are demoralized and disorganized by a succession of severe defeats, and the military power of Austria is a broken reed.

In the presence of such facts as these, even the enemies of Kossuth must admit him to be a consummate statesman—one who, in the midst of apparently insuperable difficulties, has known how to utilize the resources and secure the love of the people. The German newspapers themselves confess that even in the German and Slovak counties the peasants are unanimously hostile to Austria, and rise *en masse* against her. The Hungarians have indeed maintained throughout, both physically and morally, their superiority over the Austrians; and what is much more, they are strong in the confidence of a just cause. They fight to maintain those concessions which King Ferdinand made to the legal demands of the Diet of 1847–1848, and to uphold the laws which he voluntarily sanctioned at Pressburg on the 19th of April in the latter year. They fight to maintain a constitution which numbers more than eight centuries of duration, and to support the sanctity of a royal word. They have taken their position upon the inviolability of ancient liberties. Although Austrian intrigues have caused a breach of these liberties, and striven to render of no avail the royal oath sworn solemnly to maintain them, the Hungarians have not hitherto dreamed of proclaiming a republic. In spite of all their victories, it is their wish to retain both the monarchy and the dynasty. They do not desire to change the nature of their institutions, or to rid themselves of the ruling family. So far from the revolutionary excesses of socialists and communists having found imitators among them, they have proved that among all the populations of the Austrian empire theirs is the only one that offers perfect security for orderly, constitutional government. Should they enter Vienna as conquerors, they will know how to maintain order and tranquillity without a "state of siege," and will crush with a powerful hand all the machinations of the anarchical faction.

It is now announced that the Austrian Camarilla and its ministry will not give up the power they have been misusing to the ruin of the empire. Sooner than yield compliance to the just demands of Hungary, the Russians are to be invited to interfere for the violent settlement of an international question. The Russians are naturally disposed to listen to this appeal, for Russia is the natural ally of the Camarilla; and a Russian march into the Austrian empire would be a moral abdication on the part of Austria itself. From that moment it must cease to rank among the great powers of Europe, and must become a tributary province, a department of the Russian empire. It is already stated that 150,000 Russians are ready to be moved to the relief of the Austrian emperor, and the *Breslau Gazette* declares in its Vienna correspondence of April 27th that 55,000 of these troops are already on their march from Poland, by way of Cracow, in the direction of Neutra.

These, according to the Posen correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* of April 27th, are well equipped and even well provisioned; a novelty in the military annals of Russia, but very intelligible when the system of forced supplies (now wrung from the peasant on the worthless guarantee of Russian faith for repayment) is taken into account.

For this threatened invasion, however, Hungary is prepared. Recruiting has again commenced in those counties which have been lately cleared of the enemy's force. In these the population is as ready to follow the banner of Kossuth, as it showed itself throughout averse to that of Windischgrätz. Within a month the national army will be raised to 300,000 men; and the repeated defeats of the Austrians have supplied the necessary artillery. Moreover, the national party possess full means of equipping and provisioning these masses. Various circumstances, one of which was the disturbance of transport last year in consequence of the Servian rebellion in the Banat, have caused a vast accumulation of grain in that quarter. By his possession of the small district in Transylvania called the Saxon land, General Bem has been enabled to raise from 14,000 to 16,000 cavalry horses, without drawing upon those necessary for the labors of agriculture. The internal credit is excellent, under the wise management of the national bank; and presents a striking contrast to the financial embarrassments of Vienna. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that Russian intervention, though by no means a desperate, is a most serious matter for the Hungarians. They can and will oppose the utmost force which Russia can bring to bear against them; but whether in the long run they can triumph over the immense superiority of numbers, is a question which human wisdom cannot decide. Still there is one thing Europe should know. The historical motto of the Hungarian patriots under Zápolya, Botskai, Bethlen, Tökölyi, and the Rákótzys, may again be adopted by them:

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo;

and those who have hitherto, in spite of ill usage, remained monarchical and dynastic, may be driven to call into play the revolutionary tendencies of Vienna, Bohemia, and Poland; and may be led, not for the first time in their history, to invoke the assistance of Turkey.

Deeply as we should lament this step, whose only result would be a fierce and general European war, we could not misconstrue, we could not choose but admit, the right of self-defence, exercised by a people who saw themselves betrayed by the great powers, in an internecine struggle for constitutional rights and long inherited freedom. A Russian intervention in the affairs of Hungary, which would unsettle the balance of power in Europe, and destroy the liberal hopes of all the eastern populations, might be a justification for so awful a policy. But the consequences are so full of terror, so fraught with danger, so ruinous to the orderly and steady progress of material and commercial prosperity, that we cannot but hope

they may yet be averted. The whole of that great region which adjoins the Danube has of late years made rapid progress in civilization; intellectual cultivation and material well-being have advanced, hand in hand; and a deep responsibility will weigh upon those who turn this tide backward.

Even if we take the view of these events which must be regarded as the lowest—though one never to be looked upon with indifference by a wise nation—the mere commercial results of a Russian intervention are to be deprecated by every Englishman. The material prosperity of those eastern countries, fostered by liberal institutions, and by that spirit of free trade which the Hungarians have always maintained, must afford an opening for English enterprise on a colossal scale. Hungary alone now offers fourteen millions of consumers, ready, nay anxious, to take from England her cottons and her hardware; and it is surely matter of earnest congratulation that, at such a moment as this, our foreign department is not in the hands of a minister who, by suffering himself to be made the tool of absolutism, and by truckling to the despots of the continent, would crush at once the aspirations of European liberty and the legitimate expectations of English commerce. Let us rejoice that those great interests are under the guardianship of a statesman who has the capacity to understand the signs of the times, the desire to promote rational liberty and constitutional right, and the certain means at his disposal, in so doing, of giving security and extension to the trade and prosperity of England.

The capture of Waitzen on the 10th of April by the corps of General Görgey decided the war in Hungary. Görgey immediately marched towards Comorn, and by threatening with his right wing the Austrian corps of Wohlgemuth, forced General Welden to evacuate Pesth and part of Buda, and to fall back upon Gran in order to come to the assistance of Wohlgemuth. But before these two corps could effect a junction, Wohlgemuth was defeated (on the 18th) by Görgey; and that general, after having relieved Comorn, attacked and defeated Welden on the 21st. The losses of the Austrians were very heavy, many battalions having been routed and driven into the Danube. A considerable part of the Austrian artillery was taken; and another part, which was embarked upon steam-vessels, destroyed by a great explosion—construed by the Austrians into the blowing up of the powder-magazine at Comorn—the Hungarian shells having struck a steam-tug which was laden with 300 cwt. of powder. By the subsequent skilful manoeuvres of Görgey, the *debris* of Wohlgemuth's corps has been surrounded, and threatened with complete destruction.

To all appearances Welden's retreat is much endangered. He hopes to avoid utter destruction by a Russian intervention which might force the Hungarians to march to their northern countries; but up to the 28th of April the Russians had not crossed the Austrian frontier.

The Hungarians entered Pesth amidst the accla-

mations of the inhabitants on the 24th of April. Jellachich, with the remnant of his army, now reduced from 26,000 men to 10,000, is proceeding by forced marches towards Croatia. The corps of the Hungarian general, Vetter, according to the last accounts (which, however, require confirmation,) has entered Croatia, and threatens Agram. The Hungarian party in Croatia, long suppressed by Jellachich, has risen, and receives the Hungarians as liberators.

The conditions of peace proposed by the Hungarians are very moderate.

From the Spectator.

IRELAND AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY CARLYLE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S two speeches on the state of Ireland may be regarded as the most important occurrence of this session, or indeed of many past sessions. Not for their qualities as speeches: on that side, though very excellent on that too, they are very indifferent to us; ingenious words which do not spring from any earnest meaning, and are not to end in any action, being of all human products the plentifullest at present, and the most worthless—not to say (as we might) far worse than worthless, positively noxious, unwholesome in a high degree to every human virtue, and fast becoming a mere offence and affliction to all serious persons. But as a foreshadow of coming facts for Ireland, these words, of such a man, are of moment to every British citizen; and to the considerable class of British citizens who, this long while past, look with despair on the red-tape doctrines and imbecile performances alone prevalent in official quarters as to this affair, they come like a prophecy of better things, inexpressibly cheering.

For it is a fact, however little it may be surmised in Downing Street at present, that a new condition of affairs has arrived for Ireland and us; that an old condition of affairs has, as it right well deserved to do, fallen irretrievably dead—lies there, by due course of nature, prostrate in ruin, inanition, and starvation; from which it will never rise alive, and in which no official galvanism (with rates-in-aid, and grants of ten millions, and grants of the twentieth part of one million) can prolong much further its hideous counterfeit of life. Some honor to the statesman—great and peculiar honor, such as his contemporaries cannot any of them claim—who admits this fact; accepts it in its alarming, undeniable magnitude; and is prepared to deal with it, to rally the valor and intelligence of the British nation against it! This we account important news. A man in high position, more acquainted with officialities and all their intricacies and details than any other man, and whose words are liable to be demanded of him as deeds, informs us that the time for paltering with Ireland, by palliatives, by makeshifts, and routine tinkerages, is past: that we must quit the region of commonplace officialities altogether in regard to Ireland;

strip ourselves bare of those frightful, long-accumulated cobwebberies, and coils of red-tape, which tie us up hand and foot, and shut out the light of day from us;—that we must front this Irish monster with real human faculty, if we have such; look into him eye to eye, practically grapple with him strength to strength, and either conquer him or else be devoured by him.

To that alternative, Sir Robert cautiously but distinctly intimates, we have now come. Vain to think of palliating this Irish monster, intimates Sir Robert; vain to try feeding him by Indian meal, or rates-in-aid: he will not feed, he has a stomach like the grave, the whole world cannot feed him! Besides, in sad truth, why feed him; what is the use of him when fed? Sir Robert does not ask this latter question; but tragic fact, in the hearts of all men that *have* humanity, and do reverence the awful being of man—very loudly asks it. This miserable monster, unless he can radically change himself and become a new creature, ought to *wish* to die. In sad earnest it is so. Brutalities, like Irish society as founded on the late potato, or on the present Downing Street tinkerage and rate-in-aid, ought not to be allowed to live under the title of human. In the name of Adam's united posterity, and for the honor of the family, they are called to become new creatures, unspeakably improved in various essential respects, or else to die, and disgrace the light no longer! Alive, by Indian meal or the regenerated potato, no human heart could wish this Irish monster. Let him become an unspeakably improved monster; let him at least learn to feed himself, be taught to feed himself, which is the primary stage of all improvement, and first renders improvement possible:—let him become human instead of brutal, or else die. The universe, if he could hear its eternal admonition, perpetually solicits him to do the one or the other. The universe—the potato being dead—has now happily brought it so far that he *must* do the one or the other! For which stern mercy all pious men, and good citizens of this world, are bound to be thankful.

The condition of Ireland we often enough hear, is frightful; and certainly it is far from a charming condition to anybody just now. It is in fact *our* English share of that "General Bankruptcy of Imposture," which the events of the last year all over Europe have very loudly announced—somewhat unexpectedly to some. What the fall of Louis Philippe, and the street-barricades of Paris, have been to Europe, the ruin of the potato has been to us. Frightful enough; yet not without some consolatory features. If "Imposture," official routine, grimace, red-tape, and parliamentary-eloquence, were really *insolvent*—unable to perform the task of guiding men, and able only to perform the scandalous make-believe of it—the sooner that fact was rendered public, and put into the gazette, it will be the better and not the worse for all parties! The truly frightful element in the condition of Ireland, for a good while past, has been the official manner of dealing with its

condition. The official theory, so far as one could see, was that nothing specially new had occurred in Ireland; that Ireland had indeed lost the potato, but through the blessing of Heaven would perhaps get it again; for the rest, that Ireland must be dealt with as heretofore—kept from revolt by attorney-generals and armed police, and kept from starvation by Indian meal, (mingling the due modicum of *soot* or “workhouse test” in it, to make it disgusting enough,) till once the potato returned, after which times would perhaps mend a little. This was the official theory, reduced to practice with great frankness, in a more or less magnificent manner, extending to tens of millions or to tens of thousands, according as the circumstances, as the English nation’s strength of purse and strength of faith (both rapidly *declining*, as was natural, in such an enterprise) would permit.

To maintain 50,000 armed policemen, horse, foot, and artillery, for the tranquillizing of a sister island, which you had to keep alive with Indian meal at the same time, did seem rather anomalous to the English mind. The poor English mind has immense practice in anomalies, is everywhere quite used to anomalies, and is of thick-skinned nature withal; nevertheless there are things a little strong for it—and the thickest-skinned mind does feel money oozing from its pocket. The finest peasantry in the world—are they in sad truth to become a finest human peasantry; fed all winter, regardless of expense, that in summer you may have the satisfaction, with your fifty thousand keepers, of shooting them! The world heretofore saw nowhere such gigantic sportmanship! In fact, it has long been a thing—to keep *silence* upon; no polite speech being possible about it. And the Duffy trial—with your attorney-general, and all the learned wigs, and best-trained official intellects of Ireland, struggling, toiling with the enthusiasm of Kilkenny cats, these five months, to ascertain by the uttermost exertion of their law-wit and official machinery, whether a man *has* a nose upon his face? and unable hitherto to ascertain it, finding it doubtful hitherto;—this also is a thing to be silent upon; this—which indeed lets us see a little into the soul of the whole abomination, and how a “throne of iniquity,” and throne of *lies*, has long peaceably established itself in that wretched section of God’s earth, and dominates everywhere, unquestioned there from sea to sea, till at last by blessed death of the potato, and by other blessed helps, it has now fallen *bankrupt*—is a sight to create unutterable reflections!

How long placid commonplace is to continue its paltering with such a perilous, immeasurable business for us all! that is, and has been more and more emphatically of late, the question with every thinking man. And sure enough, if there be any truth in almanacs, if this is indeed the year 1849, and from side to side of Europe, “impotence,” impotent speciosity, and the reign of red-tape do lie hopelessly “bankrupt,” doomed

to inevitable swift abolition, let what result soever follow—this question of “How long!” is profoundly interesting! For it means, What chance have *we*, inexpressibly favored by Heaven with some respite, and space for repentance and amendment, to escape conflagration and destruction! Time presses, the continually advancing peril presses; shall we use our time, shall we squander and misuse it? Ireland is frightful; the vanguard of an England, of a British empire, ripening daily towards unfathomable issues, which the highest wisdom, and heroic virtues, and manifold veracities, such as have long been asleep among us, will be required to deal with; Ireland is frightful; but Ireland is by no means the frightfullest. A chief pilot of the nation steering his ship, on these terms, in such a condition of the elements, he is properly the frightful phenomenon. “Starboard, larboard!” there stands he, in his old pea-jacket, with his old official equanimity, foreign-office lantern hung ahead; and steers and veers, now clear of the Disraeli Scylla on this hand, now of the Cobden Charybdis on that; and thinks the sea is a little knotty, and squalls are out; but hopes confidently the weather must mend, asks you meanwhile by the look of his eye, if the steering is not good! The unhappy mortal! and *smoke* is issuing from every port-hole; and before long, with this steerage, there will be news for him and us! Such a phenomenon of a steersman, he, I say, is the alarming one. Placid commonplace, and the thing is not “common;” the thing is huge and new, and springs from the foundations of the world; and will not have become “common” till after strenuous generations have spent themselves to subdue it for us! New eras. changed circumstances—universal bankruptcy of imposture, beneficent doom of the potato—do actually come; the world’s history, since its creation, is that of their coming. Recognize them; look with man’s eyes into them; they too can be dealt with, they too are *blessings* of the Supreme Power. Look with poor pedant *spectacles* into them; recognize them not, pass on as if they were not, they will make you know that they *are*; they will grind you to pieces if you do not get to recognize them, and to conquer them too! The routine steersman, in this extremely unusual condition of the ship, he—what shall we do with him! The French papers said last year, he felt the fatigues of office disagree with him, and was about to “retire from public affairs *à tout jamis*.” “*A tout jamis*, forever and a day,” said the French editors! He really ought to consider it; and we. For the time is most uncommon, singular as any we have had these thousand years or more; and really, if England have a distinguished constructive talent, equal to conquering the ugliest jungles yet met with; and be, as somebody has sulkily said, “the biggest *beaver* in this sublimary creation”—we may ask with considerable interest, Is this gentleman in pea-jacket, then, who steers in this extraordinary manner, is he the living emblem, solemnly selected representative, practical

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focus, and working overseer of your English constructive faculty? The consummate flower of what you can do in the constructive line, at present, is this! You have had Cromwells, Long shank Edwards, Henry Plantagenets, Wilhelmus Conquestors; not to mention Arkwrights, Brindleys, Shakespeares, Samuel Johnsons; and this is what, in the progress of ages, you have finally got to! This; and, buried under continents of tapethrums, dead traditions, and long-accumulated cobwebs, you *cannot* find a better than this;—and it is the year 1849: and “Imposture,” everywhere in open bankruptcy, is rushing towards the abyss! Does the idea, if not of suicide, at least of calling in the lawyers and settling your earthly affairs, never occur to you!

Sir Robert Peel’s speech we take as a prophecy—and otherwise, or in the form of a project or practical proposal, at this vague incipient stage, we are not called to consider it;—sure prophecy that the baneful disgraceful empire of red-tape and imbecile routine, in this matter, has become intolerable to gods and men, and is to *end* before long; that whosoever pretends to govern England or Ireland henceforth, must look out for other methods, or prepare to take himself away—the sooner the better! Truer message, we venture to say, or more beneficent and indispensable, has not been uttered in any Parliament this long while past. In the name of all that is real and not imaginary in England, we joyfully accept the omen! C.

[The reader will not have needed the initial “C.” to identify the author, whose signature is stamped on every line of this contribution. We would only point to a remarkable conjunction of circumstances in regard to its subject. Not only does it present the most recluse of our philosophers coming forward to bear the testimony of perennial history in aid of the most practical statesman of our day, but it presents the biographer and vindicator of Cromwell concurring with the four quarters of Ireland in hailing the dawn of statesmanship after the dark age of that unhappy island. England and Ireland, Ulster and Munster, O’Connell and Cromwell, the House of Commons and the Hero-worshiper, are in conjunction in the House of Peel! Is it an omen! does the member for Tamworth act under a spell!]

SONG OF THE SPEAKER.

With patience weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
The Speaker sat in his chair of state,
Nodding his drowsy head;
And whilst the dull debate
Maintained its sluggish reign,
The dubious doze, which refuses repose,
Suggested these thoughts to his brain.

“Talk—talk—talk!
Whilst the cock is crowing aloof,
And talk—talk—talk!
Till the stars shine on the roof;
It’s O to be the slave,
The ‘Infidel dog’ of the Turk,

Rather than sit to superintend
This sham senatorial work.

“Talk—talk—talk!
Whilst the nation is crying ‘Reform;’
And talk—talk—talk!
Though dynasties yield to the storm—
‘Hear,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Oh,’
‘Oh,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Hear’—
All ye shun is the sound of the one,
And all ye cherish—the cheer!

“Oh, members of boroughs so dear,
Where purity still survives,
It is not time you’re talking away
But your political lives—
Disraeli, with weapon so keen,
In his shame and his glory alone,
Cutting at once, with a double stroke,
Protection’s throat and his own.

“But why do I speak of one,
When, into the wordy fray,
A hundred tongues are ready to rush,
And wear my brain away—
And wear my brain away,
With the meaningless din they keep—
Oh God! that sense should be so dear,
And noise and words so cheap!

“Talk—talk—talk!
The rattle never flags;
And what are its products? Little, alas,
But rhetoric’s wretched rags!
A shattered joke, or a naked lie,
Of candor’s cant a store,
And a whole so blank, that sleep I thank,
If it cast its shadow o’er.

“Talk—talk—talk!
From weary chime to chime;
And talk—talk—talk!
As if silence were a crime—
‘Oh,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Hear,’
‘Hear,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Oh’—
Till every sense is as drowsy and dense
As the eye that hath lost its glow.

“Talk—talk—talk!
In the dull and heavy night,
And talk—talk—talk!
When the sun is warm and bright;
‘Tis ever a winter to me,
No change the seasons bring,
And Nature gay, in her bridal array,
But twits me with the spring.

“Oh, could ye think the thoughts
In the patriot’s bosom found,
When he raises his heart above
And casts his eye around!—
For only one short hour,
To feel as ye ought to feel,
By a nation armed with a nation’s power,
When millions are minus a meal!

“Oh, but for one short hour
A respite, however brief,
From these uttered nothings, that should fill
The statesman’s mind with grief!
A little more work, a little less talk,
Might ease the common fate;
But the country’s smart never touches the
heart
Of the Moloch of Debate.”

With patience weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy as lead,
 The Speaker sat in his chair of state,
 Nodding his drowsy head ;
 And whilst the dull debate
 Maintained its sluggish reign,
 The dubious doze, which refuses repose—
 Which deadens, oft only to deepen, our
 woes—

Suggested these thoughts to his brain.
Liverpool, April, 1849. J. M. L.

PEEL.

Now is our England like a ship at sea,
 That reels and plunges on the rearing waves,
 While clothed with darkness the strong tempest
 raves,

And sharp and dreadful rocks stand on her lee.
 What profit can a phantom pilot be,
 A soul that hath no compass, sees no star?—
 O thou with the true word oracular,
 Stand forth, and let us know a man in thee!
 Come thou with world-deep guidance: take the
 helm ;

There lies the port. Steer onward, wise and bold,
 And reach it, ere the swamping waves o'erwhelm.
 O speaker of one thought more rare than gold,
 O traveller in Reality's stern realm,
 Thou seest one star—do thou our tiller hold!

C. ALL.

COUNT DE WERDINSKY has communicated to the *Mining Journal* a discovery which he believes he has made, by which a convenient, inexpensive, and highly effective motive power can be obtained from xyloidine, or gun-cotton. He crowns this discovery by another, which he declares he made in the course of experiments for rendering the first efficacious—nothing less than a miraculous principle by which rapid locomotion is obtained without any sort of propulsion. This is his account. "I have been engaged in constructing an engine and locomotive, to be worked on the common roads by xyloidine, on the following plan. Small quantities of xyloidine, are exploded successively into a copper recipient of a spheroidal form of 13 inches diameter, and 4 inch strong in metal. Each separate explosion is adequate to produce, by means of double cylinders, a complete revolution of the crank. The object of the copper recipient is merely to allow the intense gases thrown into it room enough to expand, and thus to change their percussive intensity into a more gentle dynamic power, without in any way losing any of the quantity of that power. I can, therefore, let out from that copper recipient as much of the gases, through a stop-cock, as would produce a pressure of from 30 to 60, or 120 pounds upon the square inch of the piston: moreover, by the very heat accumulated in the metal of the recipient, the gases are kept up to their original strength; so that, the longer the engine continues to work the greater the comparative economy of xyloidine, on account of the heat of the recipient and of the machinery, which serve to keep up great expansion, and consequently great power in the gases. My experiments with a steam-engine of about 2½ horse power, on the above principle, answered admirably; but while these experiments were going on I made a further discovery, and this last one is verging almost on a miracle. The most prominent features of my last discovery are—that the propulsion of carriages on railroads, and on common roads, will be now effected without engines, steam, fire, water,

magnetism, air, or animal power, and propelling of ships without either of the above means, sails, or paddles, or any propellers whatever."

Dr. LAYARD, the explorer of the ruins of Nineveh, has been appointed a paid attaché to the British Embassy at the Sublime Porte. It is stated by the *Literary Gazette* that "it is her majesty herself (doubtless through the interest her royal consort takes in every concern of literature, science, and the arts) to whom Dr. Layard is indebted for his late promotion." The trustees of the British Museum have voted Dr. Layard the sum of 3,000*l.*, divided into two equal moieties, to be appropriated by him to excavations on and about the site of Nineveh in this and the ensuing year. "The grant proposed was double this amount, but it was cut down by government."

ORDER is a means, not an end; and it is not even a positive or active means; it is only auxiliary to the true originative energies of a people—their strong affections, developed arts, and advanced opinions. It is a truism to say that no nation was ever stationary: but not to be so, or to retrograde, a nation must have strong affections, in order that the influential classes who have attained their own comfort may desire that of others; developed arts, that they may know the transition from good to better; and advanced opinions, that their purpose may keep ahead of their energies.—*Spectator*.

A LARGE clock, showing the time upon two faces, and striking the hours and quarters, has recently been placed in a tower built for the purpose in the arsenal at Constantinople. This clock was made by Mr. Vulliamy, of Pall Mall; and is the first public clock that has ever been put up in a country professing the Moslem faith.

On recently opening the burial-vault of the Chaplin family at Blankney in Lincolnshire, it was ascertained that a large gray bat, which had been found within the place on several occasions when the vault was opened, was still an inhabitant. It is calculated that the bat has lived in the tomb for thirty-three years.

MISS TEMPEST of the Grange, near Ackworth, (sister to Sir Charles Tempest, bart., of Broughton Hall, in the county of York,) has been appointed overseer of the poor for the parish of Ackworth, together with John Hagues, cow-leech, also of the parish of Ackworth. The appointment was made at Wentbridge on the 26th ultimo, and is endorsed by "two of her majesty's justices of the peace."—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

RE-VACCINATION.—1st. Every individual is susceptible of vaccination; 2d. Re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; 3d. The system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; 4th. Vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; 5th. Re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; 6th. The third vaccination is inert; 7th. The system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small-pox, without re-vaccination; 8th. Re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; 9th. Those who disregard vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; 10th. If every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.—*Substance of a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

THE EXPELLED LACEWORKERS OF CALAIS.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the Revolution in France, February, 1848, a large number of English operatives at Calais, Rouen, and other places were expelled from the country under circumstances of great injustice and indignity. At Calais, where about a thousand persons, chiefly from Nottingham, had been for some years settled in connection with the lace trade, the cry of *à bas les Anglais* was particularly violent, and personal injury was only averted by the timely interference of the English consul. Unwilling to return to England, where their profession was overcrowded, the unfortunate laceworkers sent a memorial to Lord Palmerston, desiring to obtain passages to one of the English colonies, and preferring, if a choice were permitted, to go to South Australia. In three days an answer was returned by his lordship, and a government commissioner arrived to make the requisite inquiries. He was immediately succeeded by Mr. Cooper, a gentleman from the office of her majesty's Land and Emigration Commissioners, who instituted diligent scrutiny into the characters and circumstances of the memorialists, and then arranged for their passage to England, preparatory to emigration for these colonies. On their arrival in London, they learned that a benevolent committee was sitting daily at the Mansion-House, under the auspices of Lord Ashley, and engaged in getting up a generous subscription, to which the town of Nottingham contributed from 300*l.* to 400*l.* for the relief of those who were hourly compelled to return to England from the French territory. The objections of the commissioners to send lacemakers and their families to a young colony like South Australia were compromised by an allowance of 5*l.* per head from the subscription fund, and an engagement to provide a good outfit. The details were then arranged, and the "Harpley" being appointed, a detachment of the emigrants embarked, and soon the poop of the ship, to use our informant's words, was "transformed into a haberdasher's shop," from which everything necessary was gratuitously and unsparingly supplied to those who were in need; Mr. Cooper being charged with Lord Ashley's princely commands to let the unfortunate want for nothing. Mr. Commissioner Wood visited them at Gravesend previous to their departure, and addressed to them an admirable speech, full of kindness and encouragement, assuring them they were proceeding to a land where honesty and industry seldom failed to find their proper reward.

We notice all this for the purpose of mentioning that intelligence has been received in England of the safe arrival of the Harpley with the detachment of emigrants on board. The vessel came to an anchorage at Adelaide on the 30th of August, having occupied the interval from the 12th of May on the voyage. Referring to the arrival of the Harpley, the South Australian "Register," of September 6, observes:—"The only instance of death among the adults in the course of the voyage was an aged and ailing man, (in his sixty-seventh year,) who was unwilling to be separated from his family, and to whom the commissioner humanely granted a free passage. He died in traversing the Bay of Biscay; the only instance of mortality besides being a delicate infant of three months old. During the passage the ship only sighted the Cape Verd Islands and St. Paul's. The passengers, who were scarcely becalmed on the Line, suffered little from heat in the tropics, and as little from cold in the southern hemisphere, 39½ degrees south being the most

southerly latitude the vessel attained. There was no case of serious illness during the greater part of the passage, and 256 souls have arrived in excellent health, in a remarkably clean and well-commanded ship, manned by a fine crew. During the passage Mr. Spencer, the surgeon-superintendent, read prayers every Sabbath, when the weather permitted. We have seen in the hands of the refugee emigrants some of the certificates granted by employers and municipal officers in France, and they speak well for the character of the people, who, we hope, will find they have exchanged the inhospitable treatment of the French for a hearty welcome in a British colony. Theirs is an instance calling for especial sympathy and spirited exertion on behalf of the colonists, and we shall much mistake if the newly-arrived do not in their case confirm the assurance, that any honest men and women who venture to South Australia with their offspring will be likely to find the right hand of fellowship extended towards them in a land of plenty." Other detachments of the Anglo-French laceworkers have, we believe, gone to Port Philip and Sydney.—*Chambers.*

SYMPATHIES.

THE Angel of the Universe, forever stands he there
Within the planet circle, the grand Hierophant of
prayer;

His altar is the eternal sun, his light its flames of gold,
And the stars are his rosary, through the hands of
angels rolled.

Down, down, throughout the infinite, they're fall-
ing world on world;

Like coral beads from praying hands the planet
beads are hurled.

Thus for unnumbered ages on their diamond string
they run,

The circling planet rosary from Uranus to the sun.

A rhythmic music rises from that stately coral band,
Like a vibrant-chorded lyre when struck by angel
hand,

Pealing down the deep abysses, soaring up the infinite,
The grand hymn of the universe is sounding day
and night.

The grand cathedral chanting from the choir of the
spheres,

Within the star-roofed temple, though unheard by
mortal ears;

Never prayer from lip ascendeth, or from spirit
never groan,

But the flooding planet music bears it up before
God's throne.

Thus ages after ages will the cherub, earnest-eyed,
Within the starry temple of the universe abide,
Till hymns of spherical litanies, till solemn chants
are done,

Then he'll rise up from the altar within the glow-
ing sun.

By his mighty pinions shaken, star falleth after star,
And he flings the planet rosary down from him afar;
As by an earthquake riven, temple, altar, falleth
crushed,

And the wailing planet music of the choral band is
hushed.

But he leads the praying spirits up from each burn-
ing world,

Till before the throne in heaven his radiant wings
are furled.

There he resteth calm in glory, his holy mission done,
For within the Golden City, Altar, Temple, need-
eth none.

Dublin University Magazine.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements, in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.